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My Diana. Marshall









Engraved by J. Kennerley, from a Drawing by T. Uwins.

Sophia Cockayne.

BEAUTIES
OF THE
MODERN POETS;

BEING
Selections from the Works
OF THE
MOST POPULAR AUTHORS OF THE PRESENT DAY;
INCLUDING
MANY ORIGINAL PIECES,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,
AND AN
INTRODUCTORY VIEW OF THE MODERN TEMPLE OF FAME.

By DAVID CAREY, Esq.

A wreath of Beauty's fairest flowers,
Twined in the Muses' loveliest bowers,
By hands of living worth, to shade
The sacred hands for Genius made.

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THE
MANSION OF THE POETS.

I HAVE often thought, notwithstanding the jealous dislike expressed by Plato towards the followers of the Muses, that the Poets have not been the least benefactors to the world. The pleasures bequeathed by the imaginations and the labours of the poetic mind, panting to mingle delight with its zeal for Truth and Virtue, and trying to erect a tuneful monument to itself in the bosoms of all who feel keenly and earnestly the charms of nature and the eloquence of genius, constitute one of the purest and most permanent sources of happiness which mankind possess. The Muses have seldom ceased to foster the tender affections, and to incite to praiseworthy and honourable actions. Independent of the stimulus breathed into the bosom of sensibility by the powers of high poetic fame, awaking the generous throb for Virtue and distinction, the fairy creations of romantic pleasure, the

inexhaustible sources of visionary delight, which are the result of the poetic faculty, and are imparted to all whose conceptions are calculated to relish such enjoyments, are means of affording innocent gratification, for which the gratitude of society is due in no small degree to the fancies of the bards, though their toils have not always been well requited. For myself, (if I may be allowed to mingle with humility the expression of a testimony that may seem to savour of egotism) I feel that I am indebted to the Poets and the pages of romantic fiction for the purest and the most tranquil of my enjoyments, for mitigating many pains, and for preserving to me scenes and pleasures which would have otherwise fled away on the wings of the hours that are gone never to return. Amidst the beauties of the vernal season, when the flowers begin to solicit our love and attention, and the fields invite to survey the reviving face of nature—on Summer evenings when the air is fresh and clear, and the birds in the groves are chanting their farewell music to the setting sun—in the Autumnal alcove, when the leaves of the trees are rustling over the brook that is murmuring almost inaudibly by, and the glories of the sky are tinging and fading on the distant shore; or by the side of the Winter fire, when

we are obliged to have recourse to the sources of mental enjoyment, and the page of fancy becomes dearer by the pleasures it supplies, it is delicious to muse over the works of our best bards, for it is then that we feel their excellencies most, and can appreciate the truth of their delineations.

Life, it is said, is but a dream. It is certain that existence is brightened by the power of fancy. I love to indulge in the visions where taste and genius come to chace away the shades of darkness by the light of their magical and delightful illusions. One evening lately as I rested in my arbour from the perambulations of the day, I fell into a sort of reverie, which furnished images far from displeasing to poetical contemplation. I had, in the previous part of the day, paid a visit to Westminster Abbey, where the names and monumental remembrances of many of the poetical ornaments of Great Britain, crammed into a corner, were brought into review ; and hence my thoughts took a colour and direction corresponding with the impressive objects I had there been contemplating. A clear bubbling fountain played beside me, and a green hill rose in the west, on the summit of which the rays of the evening sun seemed to linger with a fond delay. Musing on

the prospect, and the fairy visions which the spirit of poesy had diffused around me, after dwelling on the beauties of the bards, who have left this terrestrial scene for the regions of immortal light; and passing from these to the poets of my own time, insensibly comparing the latter with some who had gone before, I imagined I was transported to the celebrated abode of Apollo and the Muses. Methought I was placed in a delightful spot in the midst of romantic eminences, which rose gradually over a beautiful and fertile valley; a small stream murmured through it, forming several cascades, the appearance of which was highly picturesque, and the waves of that water seemed of the brightest crystal I had ever witnessed. I knew by the music of the spring, the majestic ruins of temples that overshadowed the face of the rock whence the harmonious streamlet issued, and the statues placed around the fountain, cut as it were from the adamantine rock, and ranged in small separate arches, that I was in the region of Parnassus; though I was at a loss to conceive how I had been permitted to visit the sacred ground. The sides of the spring were ornamented with verdant ivy and a variety of beautiful flowers, which it was not easy to reach; and a large plane tree, the roots of which penetrated the

fissures of the rock with its wide-spreading branches, threw a cool and refreshing gloom over the interesting spot. I eagerly approached the fountain, anxious to ascertain the quality of the water. I found it, however, much more difficult to obtain a portion of the limpid current than I had imagined. The approach was craggy and precipitous, and the waves seemed to recede from the hand like the sensitive plant. Having struggled through the narrow passage that leads to the spring, I found myself in front of the fountain. Here I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of a beautiful female figure, whom I mistook for one of the Castalian nymphs, or maids of the country, who had been making free with the Muses' brook. Not being provided with a vessel to contain the water, I begged a small draught from the urn of this fair Pythoness. She smiled at my audacity, and gave me to understand that she was no mortal fair, but an attendant upon one of the Muses. I was a good deal awed by this declaration, and the idea that I was in the presence of an immortal beauty, though she was but a handmaid to a goddess. Her name, I discovered, was MODESTY; and to shew my respect for her, I desired to be favoured with a portion of her inspiration. She permitted me to taste the water

of the hallowed spring. To me it seemed to possess no unpalatable or unwholesome qualities; but I observed that several other persons who partook of it were instantly seized with a poetical frenzy, and left the place in a high rhyming disorder. The effect of the beverage, I was given to understand, depended upon the nature of the constitution of those who drank it; if vanity was a predominant quality in the brain of the votary, he was sure ever afterwards to make a noisy and frothy appearance. The satirists always pronounced the water impregnated with gall. One discovery I made, which was not flattering to the character of some of those who have aspired to the poetic laurel. I found, on inquiring the names of the persons who had visited, and been permitted to partake of the inspiring fountain, that many have boasted of having enjoyed that favour, who never were within the sacred precinct.

I had a strong desire to examine a spot so celebrated, and ventured to express this wish to the attendant goddess. I had no claim of merit to urge as ground for this permission; but the fair guardian of the brook said, that because of the love I bore to the favourites of the Muses, she would not only permit me to view the places of their immortal rest, but that she would

herself shew me the beauties of the poetical paradise. I expressed my gratitude as well as I could for this extraordinary condescension; and followed my benignant guide till we arrived at the fane or Temple of Apollo. This is what has been denominated the Temple of Fame, the wonders of which have employed the pens and imaginations of some of our best bards, particularly Pope, who was almost as careful as Cerberus, whom he admitted into the abode of immortality. Here, however, the meed of impartial justice was bestowed upon all who had claims to a place in the temple. Time had, indeed, a perceptible effect on the busts and names of some of the inmates, destroying and obliterating some, whilst it revived and brightened the appearance of others. Even the fabric itself seemed mouldering in several places. It was highly pleasing, however, to my national pride, to perceive, that whilst the proudest boast of Grecian lore was yielding to the corroding effect of years, and the increasing enlightenment of other states, the names that have illumined the pages of British fame by the splendour of their genius, and the renown of their achievements, seemed enshrined in imperishable glory. The names of Shakspeare, Milton, Spencer, Dryden, and of Pope, were conspicuous for their brilliancy; whilst the

Poets of Greece and Rome, Homer and Horace excepted, were growing very dim. I expressed my regret to behold these marks of decay upon some of my old favorites, but I was desired to observe that the old stocks were surrounded by new shoots, which promised, in time, to give fresh beauty to the temple. When my eyes had run over the wonders of this venerable gallery, I ventured to remark to my fair attendant that I had heard much of the honours paid to the illustrious dead, and had now been a pleased spectator of the distinctions allotted to them in the palace of immortality; but I wished to be informed if there was no spot or honours dedicated to the living, and whether it was always necessary that a man should die, before he should be allowed to claim a niche in the Temple of Fame. The handmaid of the Muse, turning to me with a look, in which reproof was mingled with celestial mildness, desired me never to believe for an instant that the gods were unjust to any of their creatures. It was one of the most pleasing occupations of the guardians of mankind, and the patrons of science and of song, to record the progress of genius; for the triumph of virtue, and the happiness of human society depend on the success of mental improvement. She then pointed to a Mansion at some distance, entirely

of modern construction, where she said I might probably find some of my acquaintances not forgotten in the rewards destined for poetic genius. Pleasure and curiosity were excited in my breast by this information. The edifice alluded to seemed neat and regular in its form, and appeared rising between dark mountains, which sheltered it from unkindly blasts, and formed a barrier against the incursions of barbarians. The vale in which it was situate was as pleasant as that of Tempe; the grounds around it were well cultivated; flowers and parterres abundantly diversified the scene, and a rivulet supplied from the true Castalian, musically flowed in transparent waves through the middle. As I perceived from the smoothness of the way that led to the modern residence of the votaries of poesy, I should stand in no need of a guide, I gratefully bade adieu to the fair inhabitant of the ancient pile, who had condescended to be visible to me, and to the solemn shades which inclose the venerable forms of departed worthies. I fancied, as I approached the building of my own time, that I could discern in its construction a pleasing mixture of all the orders of architecture, and that the apartments of the different inhabitants might be discerned from the character of the inmates, for they seemed fashioned according to the

tastes of the writers who composed the poetical society. As I drew nearer, I could plainly perceive several of the living poets drawing water from the stream, some walking idly about among the pleasure grounds, and others busily employed at the work of composition. Those who wrote for bread or money, laboured at the desk, as if they were carrying on a correspondence in Lombard-street, and seemed often at a loss for ideas and materials. These classes of persons were very numerous, and were allotted the ground-floor and garrets. Such as wrote for pleasure alone inhabited the middle part of the building : and those who courted only fame and the applause of posterity, occupied the more retired parts. The latter were comparatively few, and seldom appeared in public. All their works were recorded in the Register of the mansion ; but only such as were approved by the great Tribunal, which was composed of judges selected from the public, were preserved. In the centre of the building was the hall of competition, where the annual prize of a crown of laurel, or a garland of appropriate flowers, was awarded to the candidates. It happened, by a fortunate chance, that the day appointed for this solemn ceremony was the very one on which I had been led to this poetical mansion. The examination had been going

on, and some of the prizes had been awarded before I arrived ; but I was luckily in time to hear the recitation of some of the pieces, and to catch a few of the beauties of these compositions.

The first that drew my attention and admiration was a bard of prepossessing appearance, whose countenance beamed with the fire of intellect, and expressed delightful anticipations of the treasures of hope. The charms of his composition I found to be a spell, which served to render a few wild aberrations from the beaten paths of his predecessors and contemporaries, only appear like so many spots of wild and romantic scenery interspersed over the surface of a rich, verdant, and placid lawn. Sublimity as well as pathos were the characteristics of his muse, and the fire and zeal with which he espoused the cause of liberty and of man, elicited thunders of applause from the judges.

I remarked that the eloquent and impassioned manner in which he recited his own compositions, was infinitely superior to that of many authors, who are generally incapable of doing justice to their own lucubrations in this respect. His votive offering at the shrine of taste and judgment, though short, was universally applauded, and a laurel crown of perennial green was awarded to him,

with which he modestly withdrew into the shade of retirement. This successful candidate I found to be CAMPBELL, the Bard of Hope.

He was succeeded by a candidate of equally interesting aspect ; his countenance, however, bore the traces of premature and anxious thoughtfulness, but his was the thoughtfulness of a mighty mind, sensible of the crimes and imperfections of our nature, and depicting them in nervous and flowing numbers. He wore on his head a coronet, which had descended to him from his ancestors ; but scorning to owe his fame to such adventitious honors, with true nobility of soul he aimed at superadding the laurel crown to his paternal distinctions.

With slow and solemn step he advanced towards the tribunal, and, with a seeming confidence in his own powers, as if defying the shafts of criticism, commenced his probationary recitation. He sung the guilty pleasures of youth, when left to its own untutored guidance, and depicted, with a fearful truth and terrible effect, the consequent misery and vacuum of the mind which is induced by the indulgence of the violent passions of our natures.

This poet, though favoured by fortune, and formed by nature to relish the enjoyments of life ; though still in

the period of youthful prime, when the spirits are light and the heart is disposed to be joyous and happy without enquiring the cause, delighted to indulge his fancy in pourtraying scenes of the darkest and most appalling kind, and to exert his powerful energies in exhibiting characters which are the reverse of those that dignify and adorn human nature.

The judges, whilst they shuddered with dismay at some of his pictures, applauded the bard who had embodied them into such glowing images, and painted the phrenzy and wretchedness that inseparably attend the victims of lawless and licentious passion as beacons to his fellow men. Whilst they bestowed upon him a wreath composed of the laurel and cypress tree, interspersed with the flowers that are sacred to melancholy and severed affection, inscribed with the name of **BYRON**, they could not refrain from expressing their regret that one who possessed so much of the fire and classic taste of the Grecian muse, should not have employed his powers in the service of virtue, and in painting the loveliness of those pleasures and innocent enjoyments which leave no sting behind them.

Next advanced a stately personage, in the guise of a minstrel. His habiliments and antiquated manners

seemed to have been formed on the models of the age of chivalry. He sung, to the sound of a small harp which he carried, some peculiarly wild and martial romances, which were well suited to interest and influence a war-like people. There was, in his manner and air, a sportive buoyancy, which shewed, that though he had assumed the garb of old age, his frame had not acknowledged the power of its frigid hand. He touched the strings, not with the constraint of art, but with the wildness and playfulness of nature, and in a manner peculiarly calculated to charm and to interest the young, the enthusiastic, and the romantic.

His tales of border feuds, of Highland forays, and his description of semi-barbarous manners, interested and pleased, whilst his descriptive powers were the themes of universal eulogium.

A crown, composed of the simple heath-bell and the thistle, enriched with gold and jewels, was vouchsafed to the bard, who was announced to be **WALTER SCOTT**.

He retired, expressing his grateful acknowledgments, and promising soon to present himself to the judges again in another guise.

The next candidate who presented himself advanced with a free and sprightly air. There was a soft, melting and amatory lustre in his eye. He commenced by reciting some Anacreontic odes. They were approved as equally ardent and tender, and powerfully excited the softer passions of his hearers. He next delighted the members of the tribunal with some gorgeous, striking, and critically correct descriptions of oriental manners, and the magnificence of the Sultans and Satraps of the East. To these he added some Hibernian songs, breathing a spirit of patriotism and of mournful recollections. He was designated by the name of THOMAS MOORE. A chaplet, composed of myrtle mixed with oriental flowers and shamrocks, was presented to this poet of love and tenderness.

After him, methought, came a personage of grave and somewhat dejected countenance. He recited a piece of his poetry, which breathed a strong spirit of liberty and hostility to the authority of kingly government; but suddenly stopping short, he bit his lip, and appeared as if he wished to retract his words; it was, however, too late. He then described with much felicity the revolting and sanguinary ceremonies enjoined by the religion of Hindostan; the last struggles of the

Goths in Spain, and the heroine of France. He concluded by singing the praises of kings, like those who are habituated to tune their harps to strains of flattering eulogy, within the precincts of a court. He appeared already decorated with the laureate wreath, and therefore could claim very few further distinctions which the judges had to confer. Having ended his *Carmen Triumphale*, he was permitted to retire with this observation,—“that the place which he should hold in the temple of fame should be left to posterity.” It was SOUTHEY.

Next to the Laureate appeared a serene and majestic figure. He was clad in the simplest manner, and the placid expression of his countenance intimated that he was the votary of nature and of temperate desires; that the voice of riot and of irregular appetite was unknown to him; and that all was pure and calm within.

His compositions were extremely simple, and copied from the views of nature which were spread around him: they contained many of the essentials of true poetry. It was WORDSWORTH. He obtained a chaplet of lilies and daisies, and withdrew into retirement with a look at the world which shewed with what philanthropic benevolence he quitted its toils and turbulent pleasures.

The succeeding candidate advanced with a diffident but winning air, and sung the joys arising from the pleasurable recollections of a blameless life. He was much applauded. Having made a long pause, it was supposed that he intended to recite no more, but he unexpectedly produced a second piece, depicting in equally tuneful and beautiful strains the various stages of human life. This personage was announced to be **ROGERS**, the poet of Memory. He obtained a chaplet of unfading violets, mixed with classic flowers, and passed again into the trellissed bowers of elegant enjoyment.

Then advanced, or rather sauntered forward, a grave and melancholy figure. He recited various pieces, in all of which there were many traces of fervid devotion. He appeared as if he would have been content with a small portion of admiration; but the patrons of genius were so pleased with the unassuming character of this votary of the muses, that they concurred in awarding to him a title which conferred a pleasing sign of their satisfaction, as well as a very high moral distinction. This bard I knew to be **MONTGOMERY**. He took his departure with a look of religious humility.

Now came forward from a very inferior part of the building, a reverend looking personage, and with a firm

and steady countenance, proceeded towards the tribunal. He was clad in the garb of a clergyman. His composition was strong, nervous, and pourtrayed in powerful and glowing colours the characteristics of rural and lowly life. He was loudly cheered, and invited to take up his abode in a more elevated part of the mansion. It was CRABBE.

A person, whose whimsical dress and appearance attracted considerable attention, next approached. His poetry contained many beautiful passages, but it was disfigured so much with quaintness of expression and metaphysical mystery, that he obtained but partial approbation. This candidate I learned to be COLERIDGE.

When these personages had passed in review, I marked a genius of lively, but philosophical mien, struggling through the crowd to get into notice. He seemed as if he had received the stimulus of his poetical feelings amidst the solitudes of the lakes, and I at first mistook him for one of the votaries of that school; but I found that he had only amused himself for a time amidst the inhabitants and the wild beauties of that romantic region. His muse now took a more lofty and distant flight, and he sung of the charms of islands embosomed in the deep, the creations of a fertile fancy, in

strains which excited a degree of approbation that gave promise of a richer and more universal reward. His name, I understood, was WILSON, and he was honoured with one of the Palms which are considered as a symbol of superior merit. He withdrew into the shade, to strew the rugged paths of legal erudition with the more captivating flowers of poesy, and was followed by a number of votaries of the Muses, to enjoy the pleasures of his conversation.

Nor were the sallies of wit and humorous entertainment wanting in this consecrated retreat of genius. You might perceive pleasure in every countenance, and “laughter holding both his sides,” whilst those comic followers of Euphrosyne, COLMAN and DIBDIN, indulged in the sportive effusions of their imaginations. Even the solemn faces of the judges were distended with “Broad Grins” to a most risible degree; and it was not until they had enjoyed the whole Budget of Wit, and laid aside their wigs and statutes, that they could decide on an appropriate reward. The candidates were at length distinguished by a wreath formed of the myrtle and the vine, and further rewarded with the power of killing care whenever that enemy of pleasure threatened to invade their happiness.

Several candidates afterwards appeared, but their compositions were of so inferior a description, that they were interrupted soon after the commencement of their recitations, and they could not command any degree of attention.

Though aware of the danger of incurring a rebuff, and of the extreme labour and superior attainments necessary to ensure success, I felt a strong inclination to approach the tribunal, and try the effect of the untutored strains of romantic feelings and of early days. My fond imagination already pictured a vacant crown, destined to encircle my own brows; and I began to chaunt some of the wild ditties with whose uncouth melody I have endeavoured to soften the rugged paths of life; but before I could ascertain the opinion of the judges, and receive the flowery object of my ambition, the effect awoke me, and lo! like the fleeting pleasures of sublunary existence, I found that the speculations in which my fancy had been indulging, were nothing more than the visions of a dream. The fabric of fame was dissolved, like the workings of fiction at the touch of Ithuriel's spear. I, however, took the hint thus suggested by the effect of the productions of genius on an enamoured mind, and have thus striven to collect into a narrow focus, some of the Beau-

ties or excellencies of the poets of our own times ; not doubting that what has already delighted the public, will please again, and that the real Tribunal which awards the wreaths of deathless fame, will bestow its approbation on these leaves from the book of living genius and the Muses.

D. C.

CONTENTS.

Moral and Pathetic Pieces.

	Page.
Human Life,	<i>Rogers</i> 1
And art thou dead,	<i>Lord Byron,</i> 3
Ode to Scandal,	<i>R. B. Sheridan,</i> 5
Monody on R. B. Sheridan,	<i>Lord Byron,</i> 12
Prospect of Life,	<i>Carey,</i> 15
Portuguese Hymn to the } Virgin Mary,	<i>John Leyden,</i> 23
Inscription for a Cavern that } overlooks the River Avon,	<i>Southey,</i> 25
Oh! think not my Spirits } are always as light,	<i>T. Moore,</i> 26
Inscription for a Column at } Newbury,	<i>Southey,</i> 27
Evening,	<i>Wordsworth,</i> ib.
An unfortunate Mother to } her Infant at the Breast,	<i>Anonymous,</i> 28
Inscription for a Monument } at Silbury Hill,	<i>Southey,</i> 29
Friendship, Love, and Truth,	<i>Montgomery,</i> 30
The Dead Twins,	<i>Anonymous,</i> 31
The Sinking Star,	<i>Wordsworth,</i> 32
Remembrance	<i>Southey,</i> ib.
On the Death of the Princess } Charlotte,	<i>Lord Byron,</i> 34
This Life is all Chequered	<i>T. Moore,</i> 35

		Page.
Autumn,	<i>Southey,</i>	36
The Kitten,	<i>Joanna Baillie,</i>	38
Poor Susan,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	42
Influence of Hope on the Human Mind. }	<i>T. Campbell,</i>	43
The Hymeneal Charter,	<i>Helen Maria Williams,</i>	45
Contemplations on the Ocean,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	48
Remorse, and the Conse- quences of a continued course of Profligacy, }	<i>Crabbe,</i>	50
Constancy,	<i>Mrs. Opie,</i>	53
A Scene of Misery, occasion- ed by Guilt, }	<i>Crabbe,</i>	54
Lines inscribed on a Sun-dial, over a Grave, }	<i>Anonymous,</i>	56
Lines engraved on the Silver foot of a Skull, mounted as a Cup for Wine. }	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	57
The Soldier's Funeral,	<i>Southey,</i>	58
On Discretion of Character	<i>Crabbe,</i>	60
Weep not for Those,	<i>T. Moore,</i>	61

Narrative and Descriptive Pieces.

Hero and Leander,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	62
The Hall of Binning,	<i>Crabbe,</i>	65
Polish Beauty.—Theresa,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	66
Love of Freedom,	<i>Crabbe,</i>	67
The Lady Christabel,	<i>Coleridge,</i>	ib.
Passionate Love,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	69
Julia's Letter,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	71
Early Predilection for a Sea- faring Life, }	<i>Crabbe,</i>	72
Moonlight View of Rylstone Hall,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	74
Mazeppa's Punishment,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	77
The Waggoner and the Sailor,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	83

CONTENTS.

xxix

Page.

The Last Minstrel,	<i>Walter Scott,</i>	87
The Cast-away Ship,	<i>Montgomery,</i>	91
The Sequel,		95
Don Juan and Haidee, the } Lady of the Cave, }	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	ib.
The Dark Ladie,	<i>S. T. Coleridge,</i>	100
The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep,	<i>Anonymous,</i>	105
Woman,	<i>Anonymous,</i>	106
Battle of the Baltic,	<i>T. Campbell,</i>	ib.
Description of a Shipwreck,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	109
On Sailing past Cape Trafalgar } in the Night, }	<i>Anonymous,</i>	111
Hinda's first Interview with } her Lover, }	<i>Moore,</i>	113
Description of the Hold of the } Ghebers, }	<i>Moore,</i>	118
Description of a Calm after a Storm,	<i>Moore,</i>	119
Combat of the Border Chiefs, } Musgrave and Deloraine, }	<i>Walter Scott,</i>	121
War Song,	<i>Lord Byron,</i>	125
Desolation of Wyoming,	<i>Campbell,</i>	127
My Native Land,	<i>Walter Scott.</i>	132
American Scenery,	<i>Paulsen,</i>	136
The Kaleidoscope,	<i>Anonymous,</i>	139
Death of the Almanack,		140
The Dead Soldier,	<i>Lavater</i>	142
The Soldier in Egypt,	<i>Finley,</i>	143
Female Fashions,	<i>Moore,</i>	144
Jock of Hazeldean,	<i>Walter Scott,</i>	145
Stanzas Written at Sea,	<i>Anonymous,</i>	146
Epistle from Lake Ontario,		147
A Tyrolese War Song,	<i>From the German,</i>	52
A Wish,	<i>Rogers,</i>	ib.
Sketch of Holland,	<i>Rev. J. Mitford,</i>	153
Forest Scenery,	<i>Walter Scott,</i>	155
French Dancing,	<i>Moore,</i>	159

	Page.
Sloehd Altrimen ; or the Spar Cave, <i>Carey,</i>	160
The Boy of Egremond, <i>Rogers,</i>	167
On the Approach of Winter, <i>Westall,</i>	168
The Turkish Lady, <i>Campbell</i>	170
The Patriot, <i>Rogers,</i>	172
Glenara, <i>Campbell,</i>	173
The Fair Slave, <i>C. Dibdin,</i>	175
Love's Gift.—The Ruby and the Pearl, } <i>Dibdin,</i>	177
King Arthur's Round Table,	179

Amatory Pieces.

To Jessy, <i>Lord Byron,</i>	181
True Affection,	182
Dreams,	183
From the Arabic of Tograi,	185
Love's last Letter, <i>Carey,</i>	ib.
Song, <i>Mrs. Opie,</i>	188
The Roses,	ib.
Fare thee Well, <i>Lord Byron,</i>	189
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me, <i>Moore,</i>	192
The Poor Hindoo, <i>Mrs. Opie,</i>	193
The Lost for Love, <i>C. Dibdin,</i>	194
The Sympathy of Love, <i>Lord Byron,</i>	199
Song, <i>Scott,</i>	202
The Parting, <i>Carey,</i>	203
L'Amour,	204
Love,	205
The Keepsake,	207
Lines by . . .	ib.
To a Lady,	209
Fanny of Timmol, <i>T. Moore,</i>	210
The Catalogue, <i>Ibid.</i>	212
Love, <i>Ibid.</i>	213
Caroline, <i>Campbell,</i>	214
To Helen, <i>Horace Twiss,</i>	216

Humorous and Amusing Pieces.

	Page.
The Water Fiends,	<i>G. Colman, the Younger</i> , 217
Waltzing,	222
To a Pimple on Tom's Nose,	223
The Book,	224
The Pirate,	ib.
Taking Orders,	227
The Female Dandy,	228
The Middle of the Night,	<i>Coleridge</i> , 230
The Waggoner,	<i>Wordsworth</i> , 231
The Sailor's Story,	235
A Lyric Epistle,	240
To an Encampment of Gipsies,	<i>Carey</i> , 242
Issac Shove,	<i>G. Colman, the Younger</i> , 243
The Traveller,	<i>Booth</i> , 252
Saturday,	254
Dulce Domum,	ib.
The Night-Cap,	255
The Squire's Pew,	257
Manslaughter,	260
Chemical Analysis of Happiness,	262
The Lady of the Wreck; or } Castle Blarneygig,	<i>G. Colman, the Younger</i> , 265
The Game of Life,	<i>Anonymous</i> , 275
The Dessert,	<i>Bush</i> , 277
The Monk and the Traveller,	<i>Fitz-Florian</i> , 279
Song,	<i>T. Moore</i> , 282
The Drama,	<i>T. Dibdin</i> , 284
Tea,	<i>Bush</i> , 286
The Retort Courteous,	288
The Maid's Story,	<i>Crabbe</i> , 291
Low Ambition; or the Life and } Death of Mr. Daw,	<i>G. Colman, the Younger</i> , 298

		Page.
A Lay of Fairy Land,	<i>J. Wilson,</i>	302
The Modern Arcadia,	<i>Carey,</i>	310
Woman, and the Moon,	<i>Anonymous,</i>	312
The Fakenham Ghost,	<i>Bloomfield,</i>	316
The Water Melon,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	319
Elegy written in a Ball-Room,		320
Inscription for a Snuff-Box,		323

BEAUTIES
OF
THE MODERN POETS.

I. MORAL AND PATHETIC PIECES.

—o—
HUMAN LIFE.
—o—

Rogers.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky ;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound.
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.

Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine :
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
" 'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping's heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour !

AND THOU ART DEAD.

Lord Byron.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to earth!
Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I lov'd, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot:
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd,
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade.
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;

To gaze (how fondly!) on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And shew that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die,
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me;
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

ODE TO SCANDAL.

R. B. Sheridan.

—o—
OH thou! whose all-consoling power
Can calm each female breast,
Whose touch, in Spleen's most vapourish hour,
Can sooth our cares to rest:

Thee, I invoke! Great Genius, hear!
Pity a Lady's sighs;
Unless thy kind relief be near,
Poor Colvilia dies.

Haste thee then, and with thee bring,
Many a little venom'd sting,

Many a tale, that no one knows,
 Or shall be nameless Belles and Beaux,
 Just imported—curtain lectures,
 Winks and nods, and shrewd conjectures ;
 Unknown marriages, some twenty,
 Private child-bed linen plenty ;
 And horns just fitted to some people's heads,
 And certain powdered coats, and certain tumbled beds.

Teach me, powerful Genius, teach,
 Thine own mysterious art,
 Safe from Retaliation's reach
 To throw Destruction's Dart.

So shall my hand an altar raise,
 Sacred to thy transcendent praise ;
 And daily with assiduous care,
 Some grateful sacrifice prepare.

The first informations
 Of lost reputations,
 As offerings to thee I'll consign ;
 And the earliest news
 Of surprized billets doux,
 Shall constant be served at thy shrine :
 Intrigues by the score,
 Never heard of before,
 Shall the sacrifice daily augment ;
 And by each Morning Post
 Some favourite toast
 A victim to thee shall be sent.

Heavens ! methinks I see thy train
 Lightly tripping o'er the plain :

All the alphabet I view,
 Stepping forwards two by two,—
 Hush! for as they coupled walk,
 Sure I hear the letters talk;
 Though, slowly whispering, half they smother
 The well-concerted tales they tell of one another.
 “Lord! who’d have thought our cousin D.
 “Could think of marrying Mrs. E.
 “True, I don’t like such things to tell;
 “But, faith, I pity Mrs. L.
 “And was I her, the bride to vex
 “I would intrigue with Mr. X.
 “But they do say that Charlotte U.
 “With Fanny M. and we know who,
 “Occasion’d all, for you must know
 “They set their caps at Mr. O.
 “And as he courted Mrs. E.
 “They thought, if she’d have cousin D.
 “That things might be by Colonel A.
 “Just brought about in their own way.”
 Oh! How the pleasing style regales my ear:
 But what new forms are those which now appear?

See yonder in the thickest throng,
 Designing Envy stalks along,
 Big with malicious laughter;
 Fiction and Cunning swell her train,
 While stretching far behind,—in vain
 Poor Truth comes panting after!

Now, now indeed, I burn with sacred fires,
 ’Tis Scandal’s self that every thought inspires;
 I feel, all potent Genius! now I feel
 Thy working magic through each artery steal;

Each moment to my prying eyes,
 Some fresh disfigured beauties rise ;
 Each moment I perceive some flaw,
 That e'en ill-nature never saw.

But hush! some airy whisperer hints,
 In accents wisely faint,
 " Divine Cleora rather squints :
 " Maria uses paint !

" That though some fops of Celia prate,
 " Yet be not her's the praise ;
 " For, if she should be passing straight,
 " Hem! she may thank her stays.

" Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
 " And celebrates her fame,
 " But for my part, whene'er she walks,
 " I vow I think she's lame.

" And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
 " Lawk ; how the creature stares :
 " Well, well, thank Heavens, it can't be said,
 " I give myself such airs !"

But soft!—what figure's this I now see come,
 Whose awful form strikes even SCANDAL dumb ?
 Ah me! The blood forsakes my trembling cheek,
 While sternly thus, methinks, I hear her speak:

Peace! snarling woman, peace,
 'Tis CANDOUR bids thee cease :
 CANDOUR, at whose insulted name,
 Even thy face shall burn with shame:

Too long I've silent seen
The venom of thy spleen,
Too long with secret pain,
Beheld black SCANDAL's reign.—
But now, with indignation stung,
Justice demands my willing tongue,
And bids me drag the lurking fiend to light,
And hold the deeds of darkness up to sight.—
Look on this prospect; and if e'er thy brow
Can feel compunction's sickening influence,—now—

Mark yonder weeping maid,
Sadly deserted laid,
Beside that mournful willow:
There, every day, in silent woe,
She bids her tears incessant flow,
And every night forlornly pining,
Mute, on her lily hand reclining,
Bedews her waking pillow.

Sweet girl! She was once most enchantingly gay,
Each youth own'd her charms, and acknowledg'd their sway.
No arts did she use to acquire every grace,
'Twas good humour alone that enlivened her face,—
Pure nature had leave in her actions to speak,
The spirit of youth gave the blush to her cheek;
And her looks uninstructed her thoughts would impart,
For her eyes only flash'd from the warmth of her heart:
Herself undesigning, no scheme she suspected,
Ne'er dreaming of ambush, defence she neglected;
With the youth that she loved, at the moon's silver hour,
In confidence tender, she stole to the bower,
There he hoped his designs to have basely obtain'd,
But she spurned at the insult her virtue sustain'd;

And he, in revenge for his baffled endeavour,
Gave a hint.—'Twas enough—she was ruined for ever!
A thousand kind females the story augmented,
Each day, grinning Envy additions invented,
'Till insatiate Malice had gained all her ends,
Had robb'd her of character,—happiness—friends.

And now, poor maid, alone,
Shunn'd as a pest, she makes her moan,
And in unheard despair,
Yields, all resigned, to soul-consuming care;
And oftentimes her maddening brain
Turns with its feverish weight of pain,
And then a thousand childish things,
The pretty mad one rudely sings!

Or mute on the pathway she gazes,
And weeps as she scatters her daisies;
Or else in a strain, more distractedly loud,
She chaunts the sad thoughts of her fancy,
And shivers and sings of her cold shroud

Alas! alas! poor Nancy!

Nay, weep not now—'tis now too late—
Thy friendship might have stopp'd her fate.
Rather now hide thy head in conscious shame,
Thy tongue too blabb'd the lie that damned her fame.

Such are the triumphs SCANDAL claims,—
Triumphs deriv'd from ruin'd names:
Such as to generous minds unknown,
And honest minds would blush to own.
Nor think, vain woman, while you sneer
At others' faults, that you are clear;
No—turn your back—you undergo
The malice you to others shew;
And soon, by some malicious tale o'erthrown,
Like Nancy, fall, unpitied and unknown.

Oh ! then, ye blooming fair, attend ;
And take kind CANDOUR for your friend ;
Nor forfeit for a mean delight,
That power o'er Man that's your's by right.

To WOMAN every charm was given,
Designed by all indulgent Heaven,
To soften care ;
For ye were form'd to bless mankind,
To harmonize and sooth the mind :
Indeed, indeed, ye were.

But when, from those sweet lips we hear
Ill-nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,
Your power that moment dies :
Each coxcomb makes your name his sport,
And fools, when angry, will retort
What men of sense despise.

Leave then, such vain disputes as these,
And take a nobler road to please,
Let CANDOUR guide your way ;
So shall you daily conquests gain,
And Captives, happy in your chain,
Be proud to own your sway.

MONODY ON R. B. SHERIDAN.

Lord Byron.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment, on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shar'd that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord, and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame, and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty spirit is eclips'd—a Power
Hath passed from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeathed—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,

Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lightened over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
From the charmed council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit !
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.
But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,

Still let them pause—Ah ! little do they know
That what to them seemed Vice might be but Woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the Grave,
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the Pyramid of Calumny.

These are his portion—but if joined to these
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
To sooth Indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,
To find in Hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent fold of further Faithlessness,—
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail ?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given,
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from heaven,
Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder, scorcht, and burst.
But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be—if such have ever been ;

Our's be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanished beam, and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.

Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field,
The worthy rival of the wondrous THREE,*
Whose words were sparks of immortality.
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
He was your Master—emulate him here.
Ye men of wit and social eloquence;
He was your Brother—bear his ashes hence.
While Powers of Mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind, as various in their change;
While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
That humbler harmonist of care on earth—
Survive within our souls; while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence;—
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Carey.

O! LIFE, since first I trod thy charmed ground,
What sweet enchantments hast thou spread around,
Delusion all—such forms and phantoms gay
As flit for ever in thy morning ray.

* Pitt—Fox—Burke.

Say, thou that o'er the young unpractis'd mind,
Sole Sovereign, hold'st dominion unconfin'd,
O! say what heartfelt joy 'tis thine to give,
As the pure Passions startling wake and live,
And, form'd awhile to fan the generous strife,
Burst on his view the scenes of busy life.
In fancied bliss and dear deluding dream,
His bark floats gaily on the ocean stream,
And songs of triumph woo the wandering gale
That wildly wantons with the willing sail.
Thron'd on her rock, 'mid life's tumultuous tide,
Fortune throws half her cloudy veil aside;
Hope rides upon Imagination's plume,
And Fame still points the life beyond the tomb;
But long ere evening's shades involve the sky,
The splendours vanish, and the visions die;
Long on the fading glories of the view
The moist eye dwells, and looks a last adieu;
And the heart asks in vain, when far away,
The dreams of joy that usher'd in the day.

Children of Fancy! ye whose magic art
Has balm'd the bleeding pulses of my heart,
And many a flower, fair as the form of Truth,
Shed soft on the wild wanderings of my youth,
Ah! must I each fond pictur'd charm resign,
Your dreams of rapture, and your smiles divine?
Then fade, thou lamp of life, whose glimmering ray
But dimly lights my momentary day;
Nor let them shine, the forms that gild the gloom,
Like virgin charms that perish while they bloom—
Love's flattering dream, or Beauty's syren wile,
That lures with too infatuating guile.

Shall he to whom th' Almighty Maker gave
The fires of heaven, the victory o'er the grave,

Each pure delight that shall for ever last,
The present bliss and memory of the past,
The joys by Fancy's fairy fingers drest,
And Hope's fair dreams of everlasting rest—
Shall he to Grief's rude blight and cold controul
Resign each glowing impulse of the soul;
And with the salt stream of continual tears
Wither the opening promise of his years—
Bow at the shrines of error and of gloom,
And woo the leaden slumber of the tomb?
And are ye quench'd in night, ye fires that glow'd
Before the altar of the beaming God?
No—from your sacred source beyond the sky,
Fed with eternal streams, ye never die;
Ye live to light the wanderer on his way,
And mingle with the Fount of life and day.

Awake your beams, O ye from heaven that came!
And hence, ye cares that damp my rising flame;
The kindling spirit's intellectual light
Streams round young Genius in her eagle flight.
Behold the bounties of indulgent Heaven—
Man asks a home, and lo! a world is given:
"That world encircled with its rainbow zone,"
Young Fancy cries, "was made for me alone;"
To swell the tide of joy that wakes and warms,
Creation smiles, and mingles all her charms;
The flowers unfold by hands unseen array'd,
And vernal fingers dress the verdant glade;
The Naiads lead their silver streams along;
The voice of Nature quires the choral song;
Spring throws his musky tresses on the wind,
And Summer rolls her glowing car behind;
And Love with winning voice invites to twine
The myrtle wreath beneath the flowing vine:

For me the Sun, in wheeling circuit driven,
Dips his bright orb, or climbs the steep of heaven;
While the starr'd zodiac, bounding his career,
Binds with refulgent zone the varied year.
These shall not cease, nor seek to change their spheres,
And turn the smiling face of Joy to tears,
Like the betraying spirit of the wind,
Man's faithless heart, or woman's yielding mind.
Tempests shall spare, clouds shall not quench their light,
And Fortune cannot hide thee from my sight."

Yes, I will pause on Nature's glorious birth,
And question you, ye natives of the earth :—
Who called from the dark womb of ancient Night
Fair Earth, and round her pour'd a flood of light ?
Bade Ocean all his hundred arms expand,
Murmur his love, and wed the solid land ;
Each wandering atom joined, and vapour dense ;
Then with the strong arm of Omnipotence
Launched the vast Orb where sister Planets move,
And through the wilds of ether bade it rove ?
Who taught the eagle in the solar stream
To bathe at large, and drink the noontide beam ?
Who woke the tiger's rage, the lion's roar,
Hyæna's lonely howl along the shore ;
Bade the horse snuff the battle from afar,
With neck in thunder clothed, and heart of war ?
What hand created, and what potent word
Stamp'd thee, O Man ! their undisputed lord—
In fair proportion's mould thy form design'd,
And woke the active principle of mind ?
And tell, O tell me, Beauty ! whence thy smiles,
And lovely looks, and sweet attractive wiles ?
Who dyed thy cheek in health's carnation glow,
And gave the locks that wanton round thy brow,

And taught thy heart to throb and pulse to play,
And nerves to vibrate on their winding way,
When love or pity's soft emotions rise,
And feeling reigns reflected in thy eyes?—
And I will stand and lift my voice on high,
And question you, ye children of the sky!
And ask you whence ye came, and whence your beams,
That dance so sweet on ocean's bounding streams,
Or light the dewy landscape waving wide,
Or bless with farewell smile the green hill's side,
Ray'd from their source in morning's purple hours,
Or lingering long on twilight's lonely bowers?
What hand, O Lucifer! has fill'd thy horn,
And hung thee on the forehead of the Morn?
Who plac'd thy gem, O Hesper! in the sky,
The region sweet of love and harmony?
And, Moon! who gave thee, from the cloudy steep,
To rule the earth, to rule the azure deep?
And thou, the bright and blazing Fount of Day,
That warm'st the nations with undying ray,
Who call'd thee forth, and bade thy splendours burn,
And feeds thy flame from his exhaustless urn?
Hail, Universal Love! hail, Power Divine!
I bow the knee, and worship at thy shrine.

But lovelier far than all the day has known,
The beams that linger round his setting throne;
Sweet are the matin murmurs of the grove
That hail on high the Lord of light and love,
But sweeter still the wild melodious song
The woodland quires with farewell voice prolong,
When long, long pealing to the evening star,
Swells the ethereal organ from afar,
In whose full tones æolian voices rise,
And breathe their vesper hymns and harmonies.—

And as the canvas, softening into shade,
Whispers of peace, and bids the landscape fade,
And steals attraction from our holier tears,
And mellowing influence from the flight of years ;
So Age, retiring from the walks of strife,
With Wisdom's aid illumines the walks of life ;
Her trellis'd beams a rainbow lustre cast
O'er the dim forms and twilight of the past,
Play round the tomb, and fix the roving eye,
And lure the wandering wishes to the sky.
Adieu, false hopes ! and fond desires, adieu !
And passions that the reasoning soul subdue !
Ye narrow life's bright prospect to a span,
Ye trample on the nobler will of man ;
No genuine joy is yours, no transport high,
No glorious triumph for eternity ;
No foretaste of the raptures of the blest ;
No home, no harbour sweet of holy rest,
Where Joy may sit and view the dangerous coast
Where Virtue, Peace, and Happiness are lost,
And mark the clouds obscure the face of day,
And hear the distant thunder die away,
Till sweet Compassion wakes, and Heaven bestows
The balm of peace, the blessings of repose.

Earth has no joy to satisfy the breast,
No station where the heart is truly blest,
Though Love's soft raptures bid each discord cease,
And Glory court it with the smiles of Peace.
Hence Man, awoke to Heaven's immortal ray,
Hears Truth proclaim his triumphs fade away ;
But that pure emanation from on high,
Which fann'd the sacred fire of Deity,
Though tempests wreck in dust its frail abode,
Shall live eternal as the throne of God.

And hence, impatient for a happier clime,
With wishes woke to raptures more sublime.
Sighs, exil'd from its sphere, the captive soul
To burst its mortal mansion of controul—
To pierce the veil that Heaven's pavilion shrouds,
And walk with angels on the ambient clouds.

O! when the ties that bind him to the earth
Have vanish'd like the years that gave them birth,
And age has shrunk each nerve, and dimm'd the eye,
And the lone mourner lays him down to die,
If that which warm'd the vital pulse before
Shall perish with the fading form it bore,
And the bright prospect of eternal life,
Like joy's fair phantoms, cease with nature's strife;
Why was the wish for worlds beyond the grave
Ere given to sooth sad Virtue, and to save?
And are ye foes to truth, though friends to Man,
Mysterious dreams of Nature's hidden plan!
Form'd but to fade, and mingling but to part,
False to her hope, yet faithful to the heart;
And has creative Wisdom sent abroad
The winged spirit on her pathless road,
With powers proportioned to her high descent,
To war with woe, and weep the blessing lent?
Then have ye woke, ye Cherubim! in vain
The harp of Heaven, and quir'd the hallow'd strain;
And glorying bade your golden censers glow,
When Virtue triumph'd o'er her toils below,
And hail'd the sufferer of immortal birth,
Child of her God, and snatch'd her from the earth?

Yes, the tried spirit, doom'd awhile to roam
Like earth-born wanderer from her happier home,
May live but to lament her toils below,
And wake to weep her wanderings and her woe,

And the fleet pleasures, and the wounds that pine,
And fears, and sensibilities divine,
But never shall th' immortal sufferer lose
The soothing hope that mitigates her woes,
The glowing energies so subtly wrought,
And the full consciousness and powers of thought,
And each quick sense of pleasure and of pain
That thrills the soul's fine nerve, or plays around the brain.

But say, when Night her sable curtain draws,
Can the tomb open wide her marble jaws,
And bid the parted spirit still attend
With silent steps the pillow of a friend ?
When sleep has on my eyelids dried the dew,
Thy form, Alphonso, rises to my view,
And on my cheek restrains the starting tear,
And breathes the voice of comfort in my ear ;
“ Mourn not the days that are for ever fled,
Weep not their woe, nor sorrow for the dead ;
Sigh not, though sad, and homeless, and forlorn,
For Woman's pride or unrelenting scorn,
And lift thy brow with conscious strength elate
O'er tyrant Man, and all the frowns of Fate ;
But never, never may thy heart forego
The joys that still from Truth and Feeling flow—
The virtuous throb that thrills thy bosom here,
The bliss that waits thee in a happier sphere.”

In vain would life's tempestuous cares destroy
The Soul's firm hope, and Virtue's heartfelt joy ;
In vain the grave, sole harbour from the storm,
Would hide for ever Love's and Friendship's form ;
Again they meet in Joy's divine embrace,
And rest and shelter in the arms of Grace.

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

John Leyden.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
Those votive garments wet, to thee
We hang, within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tost,
We called no other name but thine,
And hoped when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high;
When virgins for their true loves sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hear the seaman's cry,
The God of mercy, as a child,
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The Mother of the Heavenly King.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep!—at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep's foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
The newly damned a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own;
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The Star of Ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!

Mother of God ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal quires.
Ave Maris Stella !

INSCRIPTION FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS
THE RIVER AVON.

Southey.

—o—

ENTER this cavern, Stranger ! the ascent
Is long, and steep, and toilsome ; here awhile
Thou may'st repose thee from the noontide heat,
O'ercanopied by this arched rock that strikes
A grateful coolness : clasping its rough arms
Round the rude portal, the old ivy hangs
Its dark green branches down. No common spot
Receives thee, for the Power who prompts the song
Loves this secluded haunt. The tide below
Scarce sends the sounds of waters to thine ear:
And yon high-hanging forest to the wind
Varies its many hues. Gaze, Stranger, here!
And let thy softened heart intensely feel
How good, how lovely, Nature!—When from hence
Departing to the city's crowded streets,
Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
From scenes of vice and wretchedness—reflect
That Man creates the evil he endures.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

T. Moore.



OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow;
 No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows,
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind:
 But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
 But send round the bowl—while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
 That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

Southey.

ART thou a Patriot, Traveller? on this field
 Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
 Beneath a Tyrant's banners: dost thou boast
 Of loyal ardour? Hampden perished here,
 The rebel Hampden, at whose glorious name
 The heart of every honest Englishman
 Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
 Friends to their common country both, they fought,
 They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
 If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord,
 In charity remember these good men,
 And quell each angry and injurious thought.

EVENING.

Wordsworth.

EVE's lingering clouds extend in solid bars
 Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
 A vivid repetition of the stars;
 Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars,
 Amid his fellows, beauteously revealed
 At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
 Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere
 Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds
 On the rich show!—But list! a voice is near;
 Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
 “Be thankful thou; for, if unholy deeds
 “Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!”

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER TO HER INFANT AT THE
BREAST.*Anon.*

UNHAPPY Child of indiscretion !

Poor slumb'rer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heav'n thy mother fain would dare ;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

But spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent pity turns to thee,
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And lest the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though to rank and place a stranger,
'Thy life an humble course must run,
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I, too late, have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in the sequester'd vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content,
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thy infant wants are given
 Shelter and rest, and purest air,
 And milk as pure—But mercy, Heav'n!
 My tears have dropt, and mingled there.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT SILBURY-HILL.

Southey.

THIS mound, in some remote and dateless day,
 Rear'd o'er a Chieftain of the Age* of Hills,
 May here detain thee, Traveller! from thy road
 Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
 Some warrior sleeps below; his gallant deeds
 Haply at many a solemn festival
 The Bard has harped; but perished is the song
 Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs
 The wind that passes and is heard no more.
 Go, Traveller, and remember when the pomp
 Of earthly glory fades, that one good deed
 Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
 Lives in th' eternal register of Heaven.

* The Northern nations distinguished the two periods when the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire, and when they were buried beneath the tumuli so common in this country, by the Age of Fire, and the Age of Hills.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Montgomery.

—o—
WHEN Friendship, Love, and Truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good-humour smiling ;
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure ?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

THE DEAD TWINS.

Anon.

'Twas summer, and a sabbath eve,
And balmy was the air ;
I saw a sight that made me grieve,
And yet the sight was fair :
Within a little coffin lay
Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.

Like waxen dolls that infants dress,
The little bodies were ;
A look of placid happiness
Did on each face appear ;
And in their coffin, short and wide,
They lay together side by side.

A rose bud nearly clos'd I found
Each little hand within,
And many a pink was strew'd around,
With sprigs of jessamin ;
And yet the flowers that round them lay,
Were not to me more fair than they.

Their mother, as a lily pale,
Sat by them on a bed,
And bending o'er them told her tale,
And many a tear she shed ;
Yet oft she cried amidst her pain,
" My babes and I shall meet again !"

THE SINKING STAR.

Wordsworth.

— a —

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking Star,—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire !
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet ;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reach'd ; where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,
That droops and dwindles ; and, the appointed debt
To flying moments paid, is seen no more.
Angels and Gods ! we struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, pitiably decline,
Depress'd and then extinguished : and our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore !

REMEMBRANCE.

Southey.

— a —

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends ;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends ;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?

Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.
From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes : the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind ;
Where shall the tired and harrass'd heart
Its consolation find ?
Then is not youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah ! no ; for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy ;
And he remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of youth
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,

The dull realities of truth ;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow ;
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below ;
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
 Yet Age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Lord Byron.

HARK ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 With some deep and immedicable wound ;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely with maternal grief
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?

In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
 The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
 The fair-haired daughter of the isles is laid.
 The love of millions! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
 Like stars to shepherd's eyes:—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

Childe Harold.—Canto 4.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

T. Moore.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried ;
And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies !

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus some who like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine !
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

AUTUMN.

Southey.

—o—
NAY, William, nay, not so ; the changeful year
In all its due successions to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These fading leaves
That with their rich variety of hues
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter, cold, drear winter, when these trees

Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall spread
Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
To me their many-coloured beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holiday: I call to mind
The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas, when at morn I took
My wooden kalendar, and counting up
Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
Each day with more delight the daily notch.
To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, " full of aches and pains,"
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless ; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things
Each on the other preying ; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh my friend
That thy faith were as mine ! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still

Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn thro' this night of tempest ! all things then
Would minister to joy ; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always, every-where, and all in all.

THE KITTEN.

Joanna Baillie.

WANTON drole, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone, and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool ;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.

Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
Till from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong rear'st with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like Madam in her tantrums high :
Though ne'er a Madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell ?
Ah no ! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset,
(Permitted be the modern Muse
Expression technical to use)
These mock the deftest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art, though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud ;
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay ;
For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,

While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur ;
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose :
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But, not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page ;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork or paper ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the wit of former days,
And loaths the world and all its ways ;

What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey,
A tyger, at his ruthless play?
Or, is it that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguil'd,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favoured playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love;
Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenish'd oft with sav'ry food.

Nor when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid,
And children show, with glist'ning eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

POOR SUSAN.

Wordsworth.

At the corner of Wood-street, when day-light appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years,
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in Heaven :—but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

INFLUENCE OF HOPE ON THE HUMAN MIND.

T. Campbell.

—o—

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ærial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering fields below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been!
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah! no; she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,

And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aōnian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay,
When every form of death and every woe
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again—
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

THE HYMENEAL CHARTER.

To her Nephew on his Marriage. By Helen Maria Williams.

CHILD of my heart! while others hail
This festive morn when joys prevail,
With careless wishes they may last,
Spite of all annals of the past;
As if for thee alone, secure,
Their fleeting nature would endure,
With roses strewing all thy way,
And life were but a bridal day;—
For me, by pensive thoughts opprest,
The future fills my anxious breast;
And flowers that fade, and joys that flee,
Are not the things I ask, for thee!—
My heart for thee has learn'd to prove
The throbbings of a mother's love,
Since on thy cradle fell the tear
That mourn'd a sister's early bier;
And sure that angel's sainted prayer
Has shed sweet influence o'er my care;
To sorrow doomed in all the rest,
And only in her children blest!

While now you sign with hope elate,
The civic register of fate;
Or, at the holy altar bow,
To ratify the plighted vow,
Which made aright, or breath'd amiss,
Includes all future woe, or bliss;
While kneeling youth, and weeping beauty
Hear the grave ritual of their duty,

And the stern rubrick well approve
 That charges to be true to love ;—
 This compact that for ever binds
 In holy links two kindred minds,
 Their happiness the mutual barter,
 This solemn league we'll call a CHARTER ;
 Th' allusion never can be wrong,
 While omens to the name belong ;
 Palladium that has all withstood,
 And harbinger of boundless good.—

And ever may its hallowed law
 Your willing hearts together draw !
 Ah ! may no *ultra* thirst of power
 Embitter life's domestic hour ;
 No principles of feudal sway
 Teach without loving, to obey ;
 The heart such joyless homage slights,
 And wedlock claims its Bill of Rights—
 May you, to virtue nobly just,
 Disdain the whisper of mistrust ;
 Your truth her dark *police* may brave,
 Made for the tyrant, and the slave.—
 May discord pass with sullen tread,
 Far from the threshold of your shed ;
 With accents that on harshness border,
 And words that love would call to order :
 Or VETO he would pine to hear,
 Protesting only by a tear.—
 Nor when true fondness with submission
 Her right asserting of petition,
 Shall meekly hint at some abuse,
 Or some reform of gen'ral use,
 Unheeding all that she may say,
 Pass to the order of the day.—

Nor, bidding every blessing fade,
Let jealousy your peace invade;
Whose shadow clings to all that's dear,
And adds the length'ning shapes of fear;
Whose mind with sickly colours ting'd,
Discerns in all, the code infring'd;
Reads violations in the eye,
And marks the treason of a sigh;
Or loads a tear with false aspersion,
Mistaking sorrow for aversion;
Or construes into acts of guile
The tender pleadings of a smile;
Condemns unheard, with *ultra* fury,
Nor suffers love to call a jury,
Where innocence with pride appears,
Safe, in a trial by her peers.—

Thus, having ne'er from duty swerv'd,
The faith of treaties well observ'd;
When time your destin'd lot shall fling
Of sorrow from his loaded wing;
For you, of other good bereft,
Unchanging love will still be left;
Not like the world he then will roam,
But rest, the morning star of home.
Not yours, their bitter fate, who know
That agony of lonely woe,
An altered heart was bound to share,
Nor find defence, nor charter there!—

For you, to every duty true,
The Charter held in rev'rence due,
Each tender clause shall habit seal
With no suggestion of repeal;

Firm to the law of true election,
And treating change with stern rejection ;
Tho' time the graceful form has worn
To which fidelity was sworn.
For not alone with blooming youth
Is made that league of lasting truth ;
The compact sign'd with beauty now,
Includes wan age, with wrinkled brow,
With tresses gray, with visage pale,
And eyes whose liquid lustre fail ;
For then the hand, that shrivel'd thing,
Shall still display the nuptial ring,
Pledge of your faith, and cherish'd token
Of vows, thro' lengthen'd years unbroken ;
When all that's left of passion's flame
Is friendship, with a dearer name !

Thus be the Charter'd code imprest,
With all its statutes, on your breast ;
No duty it enjoins forsook,
Till time, at length, shall close the book ;
And hope shall frame, for worlds to come,
A treaty that survives the tomb.

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE OCEAN.

Lord Byron.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :

I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even *from out* thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

REMORSE, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF A CONTINUED
COURSE OF PROFLIGACY.

Crabbe..



HIMSELF he scorn'd, nor could his crime forgive,
He fear'd to die, yet felt asham'd to live :
Griev'd, but not contrite was his heart ; oppress'd,
Not broken ; not converted, but distress'd ;

Proud minds and guilty, whom their crimes oppress,
Fly to new crimes for comfort and redress ;
So found our fallen youth a short relief
In wine, the opiate guilt applies to grief ;
From fleeting mirth that o'er the bottle lives,
From the false joy its inspiration gives ;
And from associates pleas'd to find a friend,
With powers to lead them, gladden, and defend,
In all those scenes where transient ease is found,
For minds whom sins oppress, and sorrows wound.

Of joy now eager, as before of fame,
And screen'd by folly when assail'd by shame,
Deeply he sank, obey'd each passion's call,
And used his reason to defend them all.

Shall I proceed, and step by step relate
The odious progress of a sinner's fate ?
No—let me rather hasten to the time
(Sure to arrive) when misery waits on crime.

With virtue prudence fled ; what Shore possess'd
Was sold, was spent, and he was now distress'd ;

And want, unwelcome stranger, pale and wan,
Met with her haggard looks the hurried man :
His pride felt keenly what he must expect
From useless pity and from cold neglect.

Struck by new terrors, from his friends he fled,
And wept his woes upon a restless bed ;
Retiring late, at early hour to rise,
With shrunken features, and with bloodshot eyes ;
If sleep one moment clos'd the dismal view,
Fancy her terrors built upon the true ;
And night and day had their alternate woes,
That baffled pleasure, and that mock'd repose ;
Till to despair and anguish was consign'd,
The wreck and ruin of a noble mind.

Now seiz'd for debt, and lodg'd within a jail,
He tried his friendships, and he found them fail ;
Then fail'd his spirits, and his thoughts were all
Fix'd on his sins, his sufferings, and his fall ;
His ruffled mind was pictur'd in his face,
Once the fair seat of dignity and grace :
Great was the danger of a man so prone
To think of madness, and to think alone ;
Yet pride still liv'd, and struggled to sustain
The drooping spirit, and the roving brain ;
But this too fail'd : a friend his freedom gave,
And sent him help the threat'ning world to brave ;
Gave solid counsel what to seek or flee,
But still would stranger to his person be :
In vain ! the truth determin'd to explore,
He traced the friend whom he had wrong'd before.

This was too much ; both aided and advis'd
By one who shunn'd him, pitied, and despis'd ;

He bore it not ; 'twas a deciding stroke,
And on his reason like a torrent broke ;
In dreadful stillness he appear'd awhile
With vacant horror, and a ghastly smile ;
Then rose at once into the frantic rage,
That force controll'd not, nor could love assuage.

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Then as its wrath subsided by degrees,
The mind sank slowly to infantine ease ;
To playful folly, and to causeless joy,
Speech without aim, and without end, employ ;
He drew fantastic figures on the wall,
And gave some wild relation of them all ;
With brutal shape he join'd the human face,
And idiot smiles approved the motley race.

That gentle maid, whom once the youth had lov'd,
Is now with mild religious pity mov'd ;
Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fixed and pensive be ;
And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs ;
Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds invade
His clouded mind, and for a time persuade :
Like a pleased infant, who has newly caught
From the maternal glance a gleam of thought ;
He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear,
And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear.

Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd he goes,
In darker mood, as if to hide his woes ;
Returning soon, he with impatience seeks
His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings, and speaks ;
Speaks a wild speech with action all as wild—
The children's leader, and himself a child ;

He spins their top, or, at their bidding, bends
His back, while o'er it leap his laughing friends;
Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,
And heedless children call him *Silly Shore*.

CONSTANCY.

Mrs. Opie.

THEN be it so, and let us part,
Since love like mine has fail'd to move thee;
But do not think this constant heart
Can ever cease, ingrate, to love thee.
No—spite of all thy cold disdain,
I'll bless the hour when first I met thee,
And rather bear whole years of pain
Than e'en for one short hour forget thee.
Forget thee! No.

Still Memory, now my only friend,
Shall with her soothing art endeavour
My present anguish to suspend,
By painting pleasures lost for ever.
She shall the happy hours renew,
When full of hope and smiles I met thee,
And little thought the day to view
When thou wouldst wish me to forget thee.
Forget thee! No.

Yet, I have lived to view that day,
To mourn my past destructive blindness,
To see now turn'd with scorn away
Those eyes once fill'd with answering kindness.

But go—farewell! and be thou blest,
 If thoughts of what I feel will let thee:
 Yet, though thy image kills my rest,
 'Twere greater anguish to forget thee.
 Forget thee! No.

A SCENE OF MISERY, OCCASIONED BY GUILT.

Crabbe.

—a—

A DREADFUL winter came, each day severe,
 Misty when mild, and icy cold when clear;
 And still the humble dealer took his load,
 Returning slow, and shiv'ring on the road:
 The lady, still relentless, saw him come,
 And said, 'I wonder, has the wretch a home?'
 'A hut! a hovel!'—'Then his fate appears
 To suit his crime.'—'Yes, lady, not his years;
 No! nor his sufferings, nor that form decay'd:—
 'Well! let the parish give its paupers aid:
 You must the vileness of his acts allow;—
 'And you, dear lady, that he feels it now:'
 'When such dissemblers on their deeds reflect,
 Can they the pity they refus'd expect?
 He that doth evil, evil shall he dread.'—
 'The snow,' quoth Susan, 'falls upon his bed,—
 It blows beside the thatch—it melts upon his head.'—
 'Tis weakness, child, for grieving guilt to feel;—
 'Yes, but he never sees a wholesome meal;
 Through his bare dress appears his shrivel'd skin,
 And ill he fares without, and worse within:
 With that weak body, lame, diseased, and slow,
 What cold, pain, peril, must the sufferer know!'

'Think on his crime.'—'Yes, sure 'twas very wrong;
But look (God bless him!) how he gropes along.'—
'Brought me to shame.'—'Oh! yes, I know it all—
What cutting blast! and he can scarcely crawl;
He freezes as he moves—he dies! if he should fall:
With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet,—
And must a Christian perish in the street,
In sight of Christians?—There! at last he lies;
Nor unsupported can he ever rise;
He cannot live.'—'But is he fit to die?'
Here Susan softly mutter'd a reply,
Look'd round the room—said something of its state,
Dives the rich, and Lazarus at his gate;
And then aloud—'In pity do behold
The man affrighten'd, weeping, trembling, cold:
Oh! how these flakes of snow their entrance win
Through the poor rags, and keep the frost within;
His very heart seems frozen as he goes,
Leading that starved companion of his woes:
He tried to pray—his lips I saw them move,
And he so turn'd his piteous looks above;
But the fierce wind the willing heart oppos'd,
And, ere he spoke, the lips in misery clos'd:
Poor suffering object! yes, for ease you pray'd,
And God will hear—he only, I'm afraid.'

'Peace! Susan, peace! pain ever follows sin!'
Ah! then, thought Susan, when will ours begin?
'When reach'd his home, to what a cheerless fire
And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire!
Yet ragged, wretched as it is, that bed
Takes half the space of his contracted shed;
I saw the thorns beside the narrow grate,
With straw collected in a putrid state:

There will he, kneeling, strive the fire to raise,
 And that will warm him rather than the blaze;
 The sullen, smoky blaze, that cannot last
 One moment after his attempt is past.
 And I so warmly, and so purely laid,
 To sink to rest——indeed, I am afraid.'—
 'Know you his conduct?'—'Yes, indeed, I know,
 And how he wanders in the wind and snow;
 Safe in our rooms the threat'ning storm we hear,
 But he feels strongly what we faintly fear.'
 'Wilful was rich, and he the storm defied;
 Wilful is poor, and must the storm abide.'
 Said the stern lady, 'Tis in vain to feel;
 Go and prepare the chicken for our meal.'

LINES INSCRIBED ON A SUN-DIAL, OVER A GRAVE.

Anon.

No marble pomp, no monumental praise;
 My tomb this Dial—epitaph these lays;
 Pride and low mould'ring clay but ill agree;
 Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
 Alive, instruction was my work each day;
 Dead, I persist instructions to convey—
 Here, reader, mark (perhaps now in thy prime)
 The stealing steps of never-standing time;
 'Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour;
 Employ that well for that's within thy pow'r.

LINES ENGRAVED ON THE SILVER FOOT OF A SKULL,
MOUNTED AS A CUP FOR WINE.*Lord Byron.*

START not—nor deem my spirit fled.

In me behold the only skull
From which (unlike a living head)
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived—I loved—I quaffed like thee—

I died—let earth my bones resign :
Fill up—thou can'st not injure me,
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,

Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood,
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit perchance hath shone

In aid of others let me shine,
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff whilst thou can'st!—another race,

When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not?—since through life's little day

Our heads such sad effects produce,
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs—to be of use.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Southey.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!
Hark! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone—
It awes the very rabble multitude,
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had passed unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd sounds,
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place, no dear delights at home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
Dropt from existence, like the weathered leaf
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed

Clay in the potter's hand ! one favour'd mind
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man
Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

And there are

Who say that this is well ! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few ! court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and tho' now
Toiling and troubled, tho' they pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things here
And dine with Dives. These are they, O Lord,
Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noon day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness !

O my God !

I thank thee that I am not such as these,
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days
That amid evil tongues, exalts itself
And cries aloud against the iniquity,

ON DISCRETION OF CHARACTER.

Crabbe.

'Tis right, 'tis just, to feel contempt for vice;
But he that shews it may be over-nice.
There are who feel, when young, the false sublime,
And proudly love to shew disdain for crime :
To whom the future will new thoughts supply,
The pride will soften, and the scorn will die ;
Nay, where they still the vice itself condemn,
They bear the vicious, and consort with them.
Young Captain Grove, when once had chang'd his side,
Despised the venal turn-coat, and defied ;
Old Colonel Grove now shakes him by the hand,
Though he who bribes may still his vote command.
Why would not Ellen to Belinda speak,
When she had flown to London for a week,
And then returned, to every friend's surprise,
With twice the spirit, and with half the size ?
She spoke not then—but, after years had flown,
A better friend had Ellen never known.
Was it the lady her mistake had seen ?
Or had she also such a journey been ?
No ; 'twas the gradual change in human hearts,
That time, in commerce with the world, imparts ;
That on the roughest temper throws disguise,
And steals from virtue her asperities.
The young and ardent, who, with glowing zeal,
Felt wrath for trifles, and were proud to feel,
Now find those trifles all the mind engage,
To soothe dull hours, and cheat the cares of age.

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

T. Moore.

WEEP not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heav'n has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was its source!
Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now ;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow ;
Oh ! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown,
And the wild notes she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own !
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

II. NARRATIVE & DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Lord Byron.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but Love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedewed in vain,

The desert of old Priam's pride,
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

Oh ! yet—for there my steps have been,
These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,

To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,
Be long my lot !—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee !

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon which shone on his high theme:
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,

But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound

Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow ;
That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,

Is now a lone and nameless barrow !

Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow !
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath :
Dust long outlasts the storied stone—
But Thou—thy very dust is gone !

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then, no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scattered lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes, there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her Comboloio lies
A Koran of illumin'd dyes;
And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
By Persian scribes redeemed from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gathered in that gorgeous room,
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

The Bride of Abydos.

THE HALL OF BINNING.

Crabbe.

—o—

It was an ancient, venerable hall,
And once surrounded by a moat and wall;
A part was added by a 'squire of taste,
Who, while unvalued acres run to waste,
Made spacious rooms, whence he could look about,
And mark improvements as they rose without:
He fill'd the moat, he took the wall away,
He thinn'd the park, and bade the view be gay:
The scene was rich, but he who should behold
Its worth was poor, and so the whole was sold.

Just then our merchant from his desk retired,
And made the purchase that his heart desired;
The Hall of Binning, his delight a boy,
That gave his fancy in her flight employ;
Here, from his father's modest home, he gazed,
Its grandeur charm'd him, and its height amazed;
Work of past ages; and the brick-built place
Where he resided was in much disgrace;
But never in his fancy's proudest dream
Did he the master of that mansion seem:
Young was he then, and little did he know
What years on care and diligence bestow;
Now young no more, retired to views well known,
He finds that object of his awe his own;
The Hall at Binning!—how he loves the gloom
That sun-excluding window gives the room;
Those broad brown stairs on which he loves to tread;
Those beams within; without, that length of lead,

On which the names of wanton boys appear,
 Who died old men, and left memorials here,
 Carvings of feet and hands, and knots and flowers,
 The fruits of busy minds in idle hours.

Tales of the Hall.

POLISH BEAUTY.—THERESA.

Lord Byron.

SHE had the Asiatic eye,
 Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
 Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
 Dark as above us is the sky;
 But through it stole a tender light,
 Like the first moonrise at midnight;
 Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
 Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
 All love, half languor, and half fire,
 Like saints that at the stake expire,
 And lift their raptured looks on high,
 As though it were a joy to die.
 A brow like a midsummer lake,
 Transparent with the sun therein,
 When waves no murmur dare to make,
 And Heaven beholds her face within.
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
 I loved her then—I love her still;
 And such as I am, love indeed
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
 But still we love even in our rage,
 And haunted to our very age
 With the vain shadow of the past,
 As is Mazeppa to the last.

LOVE OF FREEDOM.

Crabbe.

He spake of freedom as a nation's cause,
And loved, like George, our liberty and laws;
But had more youthful ardour to be free,
And stronger fears for injured liberty :
With him, on various questions that arose,
The monarch's servants were the people's foes ;
And though he fought with all a Briton's zeal,
He felt for France as Freedom's children feel ;
Went far with her in what she thought reform,
And hail'd the revolutionary storm ;
Yet would not here, where there was least to win,
And most to lose, the doubtful work begin ;
But look'd on change with some religious fear,
And cried, with filial dread, " Ah ! come not here."

Tales of the Hall.

THE LADY CHRISTABEL.

Coleridge..

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows :

Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast ;
Her face resign'd to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is——
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out of her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep,
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PASSIONATE LOVE.

Lord Byron.

'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the nightwinds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum

Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
Purple and gushing ; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to sailors, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love.

JULIA'S LETTER.

Lord Byron.

—a—

THEY tell me 'tis decided ; you depart ;
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain ;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again ;
To love too much has been the only art
I used ;—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears,
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream ;
Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem ;
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these can not estrange ;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.

You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core ;

These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before,
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

My breast has been all weakness—is so yet;
 But still I think I can collect my mind;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete.
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
 And I must even survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life—to love and pray for you.

Don Juan.

EARLY PREDILECTION FOR A SEA-FARING LIFE.

Crabbe.

I LOVED to walk where none had walk'd before,
 About the rocks that ran along the shore;
 Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
 And take my pleasure when I lost my way;

For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
And all the mossy moor that lies beneath;
Here had I favourite stations, where I stood
And heard the murmurs of the ocean flood,
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing, or the grey curlew,
Who with wild notes my fancied power defied,
And mock'd the dreams of solitary pride.
I loved to stop at every creek and bay
Made by the river in its winding way,
And all to memory—not by marks they bare,
But by the thoughts that were created there.

Pleasant it was to view the sea-gulls strive
Against the storm, or in the ocean dive,
With eager scream, or when they dropping gave
Their closing wings to sail upon the wave:
Then as the winds and waters raged around,
And breaking billows mix'd their deafening sound;
They on the rolling deep securely hung,
And calmly rode the restless waves among,
Nor pleased it less around me to behold,
Far up the beach, the yesty sea-foam roll'd;
Or from the shore upborn, to see on high,
Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly:
While the salt spray that clashing billows form,
Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm.

Tales of the Hall.

MOONLIGHT VIEW OF RYLSTONE HALL.

Wordsworth.

FROM cloudless ether looking down,
The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees
A camp, and a beleagucred town,
And castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;—
And, southward far, with moors between,
Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields ;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The silver smoke, and mounts in wreathes.
—The courts are hushed ;—for timely sleep
The greyhounds to their kennel creep ;
The peacock in the broad ash-tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He, who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the day-light ;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.
—Ah ! who could think that sadness here
Had any sway ? or pain or fear ?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day ;
The garden pool's dark surface—stirred
By the night insects in their play—

Breaks into dimples small and bright ;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen :—and, lo !
Not distant far, the milk-white doe :
The same fair creature which was nigh
Feeding in tranquillity,
When Francis uttered to the maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade ;—
The same fair creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground ;
Where now, within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns, and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array,—
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie ;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range—unrestricted as the wind—
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she,
The consecrated Emily ?
Even while I speak, behold the maid
Emerging from the cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the doe
Beneath a cypress-spire is laid ;
Like a patch of April snow,

Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade,
Or behind a rocky screen ;
Lonely relic ! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
—Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining doe !

Yet the meek creature was not free,
Erewhile, from some perplexity :
For thrice hath she approached, this day,
The thought-bewildered Emily ;
Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
Some smile or look of love to gain,—
Encouragement to sport or play ;
Attempts which by the unhappy maid
Have all been slighted or gainsaid.
—O welcome to the viewless breeze,
'Tis fraught with acceptable feeling,
And instantaneous sympathies
Into the sufferer's bosom stealing ;—
Ere she hath reached yon rustic shed,
Hung with late-flowering woodbine spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revives a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendant woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly anxious mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
—Yes, she is soothed:—an image faint—
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her ;—'tis that bless'd saint

Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis gone—the vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence !
“ But oh! thou angel from above,
Thou spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear ;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed—in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis :—through the air
Of this sad earth to him repair,
Speak to him with a voice, and say,
“ That he must cast despair away !”

MAZEPPA'S PUNISHMENT ;

AN EXTRAORDINARY MODE OF RIDING.

Lord Byron.

“BRING forth the horse !”—the horse was brought ;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—

'Twas but a day he had been caught ;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert born was led :
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong :
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on :
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout :
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein.
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days :
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,

Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall ;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was :
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,

And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,

That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank

The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,

When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank :

At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—

And if we do but watch the hour,

There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Away, away, my steed and I,

Upon the pinions of the wind,

All human dwellings left behind ;

We sped like meteors through the sky,

When with its crackling sound the night

Is chequer'd with the northern light ;

Town—village—none were on our track,

But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black ;

And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—

I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:

At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame

Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony

Increased his fury and affright;
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore.

Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something firier far than flame.

We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;

'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head;
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire,
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun ;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,

And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er;
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,

And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground ;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more ;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther ; he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

THE WAGGONER AND THE SAILOR.

Wordsworth.

—o—

BLITHE souls and lightsome hearts have we
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE :
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation ;
What bustling—jostling—high and low !
A universal overflow !
What tankards foaming from the tap !
What store of cakes in every lap !
What thumping—stumping—overhead !
The thunder had not been more busy ;
With such a stir, you would have said,
This little place may well be dizzy !

'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—
 'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;—
 As if it heard the fiddle's call,
 The pewter clatters on the wall;
 The very bacon shows its feeling,
 Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A steaming bowl—a blazing fire—
 What greater good can heart desire?
 'Twere worth a wise man's while to try
 The utmost anger of the sky;
 To *seek* for thoughts of painful cast,
 If such be the amends at last.
 Now, should you think I judge amiss,
 The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;
 For soon, of all the happy there,
 Our travellers are the happiest pair.
 All care with Benjamin is gone—
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon!
 He thinks not of his long, long strife;—
 The Sailor, man by nature gay,
 Hath no resolves to throw away;
 And he hath now forgot his wife,
 Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
 Deems that she is happier, laid
 Within that warm and peaceful bed;
 Under cover,
 Terror over,
 Sleeping by her sleeping baby.
 With bowl in hand,
 (It may not stand)
 Gladdest of the gladsome band,
 Amid their own delight and fun,
 They hear—when every dance is done—
 They hear—when every fit is o'er—

The fiddle's *squeak**—that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss ;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more !

While thus our jocund travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
Limps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize :
With what ?—a ship of lusty size ;
A gallant stately Man of War,
Fix'd on a smoothly-sliding car,
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
Not knowing that he had befriended
A man so gloriously attended !

“ This,” cries the Sailor, “ a third-rate is—
Stand back and you shall see her gratis !
This was the flag-ship at the Nile,
The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile,
But, pretty maid, if you look near,
You'll find you've much in little here !
A nobler ship did never swim,
And you shall see her in full trim :
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,
Set every inch of sail upon her.”
So said, so done ; and masts, sails, yards,
He names them all ; and interlards
His speech with uncouth terms of art,
Accomplished in the showman's part ;

* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

And then, as from a sudden check,
Cries out—" 'Tis there, the quarter-deck
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—
A sight that would have rous'd your blood !
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
Burnt like a fire among his men ;
Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French—and thus came we!"

Hush'd was by this the fiddle's sound,
The dancers all were gathered round,
And such the stillness of the house
You might have heard a nibbling mouse ;
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,
The Sailor through the story runs
Of ships to ships, and guns to guns ;
And does his utmost to display
The dismal conflict, and the might
And terror of that wondrous night :
" A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"
Cries Benjamin, " A draught of length,
To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,
Her bulwark and her tower of strength!"
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,
The mastiff, from beneath the waggon,
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
Rattled his chain—'twas all in vain,
For Benjamin, triumphant soul !
He heard the monitory growl ;
Heard—and in opposition quaff'd
A deep, determined, desperate draught !
Nor did the battered tar forget,
Or flinch from what he deem'd his debt :
Then like a hero, crown'd with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led ;

Wheel'd her back in full apparel ;
And so, flag flying at mast-head,
Re-yoked her to the Ass :—anon,
Cries Benjamin, " We must be gone,"
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
Again behold them on their way !

THE LAST MINSTREL.

Walter Scott.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne :

The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess* marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well;
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis,† dead and gone,

* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scot, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the duchess.

And of Earl Walter, † rest him God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode :
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please :
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess, praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;

† Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's extacy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along ;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

* * * *

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

Montgomery.

The subjects of the two following Poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm, in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.



A VESSEL sailed from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd.
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that, like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day;
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected skies and clouds appear
In morning's rich array;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind;
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riv'n with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—'The spoiler shall become the prey.'

Thus warn'd Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show!

So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
 When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
 Peril and death they spurn'd ;
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew :
 Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field ;
 And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow.
 In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate ;
—That story would the muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain ;
In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl'd ;
Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl'd :
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod :
 Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The Spirit of the Cape* pursued
Their long and toilsome way ;
At length, in ocean solitude,
He sprang upon his prey ;
' Havoc !' the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play :
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

Like shooting stars athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were spread ;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost ;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar :
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake ;
When these the voice of Rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache ;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive despair.

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—See *Camoen's Lusiad*, Book V.

THE SEQUEL.



HE sought his Sire from shore to shore,
He sought him day by day ;
The prow he tracked was seen no more,
Breasting the ocean-spray ;
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main :
—He sought his Sire : he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;
Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
Thy father's course pursue :
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through :
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

DON JUAN AND HAIDEE, THE LADY OF THE CAVE.

Lord Byron.

THEN was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs ; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,

Pillow'd his death-like forehead ; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm ;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatso'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel ; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes,
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew ;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure die,
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun ;
Short upper lip—sweet lips ! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such ; for she was one

Fit for the model of a statuary.

(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just

One should not rail without a decent cause;
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust

I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must

Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simple, and yet of colours not so grave:

For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave

Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case:

Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,

But through them gold and gems profusely shone;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace

Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,

As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision

She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast off dresses.

* * * *

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest: and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow,
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays

Into one focus, kindled from above ;
Such kisses as belong to early days.

• • • • •
They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness ;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

• • • • •
Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this :
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters ; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen : what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing—she had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat here.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted ;
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed :
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

Don Juan.

THE DARK LADIE.

S. T. Coleridge.

O LEAVE the lily on its stem,
O leave the rose upon the spray,
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough
This morn around my harp you twin'd,
Because it fashioned mournfully,
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear what cruel wrongs
Befell the Dark Ladie.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that made her grieve.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

O ever in my waking dreams,
 I dwell upon that happy hour,
 When midway on the Mount I sate,
 Beside the ruined Tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve.

She lean'd against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight;
 She stood and listened to my harp,
 Amid the lingering light.

I played a sad and doleful air,
 I sung an old and moving story;
 An old rude song, that fitted well
 The ruins wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace,
 For well she knew I could not chuse
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight who wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand:
 And how for ten long years he wooed
 The Ladie of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah,
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
 In which I told another's love,
 Interpreted my own!

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed,
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn,
That crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night:

And how he crossed the woodman's path,
Through briars and swampy mosses beat,
How boughs, rebounding, scourged his limbs,
And low stubs gored his feet:

How sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An Angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a lawless band,
And saved from outrage worse than death,
The Ladie of the Land.

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And meekly strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain:

And how she nurs'd him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay :

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice, and pausing harp,
Disturb'd her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long :

She wept with pity and delight—
She blushed with love and maiden shame,
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not chuse but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glowed, she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept,
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She flew to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms—

She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see
The swelling of her heart!

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing,
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

When last I sung the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And how he roamed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night:

I promis'd thee a sister-tale
Of man's perfidious cruelty;
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the dark Ladie.

THE PRISONER'S PRAYER TO SLEEP.

Anonymous.

O GENTLE Sleep! wilt thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy lover's bed,
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight!

Alas! 'tis said that the couch must be
Of the Eider-down that is spread for thee,
So, I in my sorrow must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a couch of stone.

Music to thee I know is dear:
Then, the saddest of music is ever here,
For Grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a Siren who singeth well.

But thou, glad Sleep! lov'st gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy lover's prayers
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep! so long is thy beauty wooed,
No rival hast thou in my solitude;
Be mine, my love! and we two will lie
Embraced for ever—or awake to die!

Dear Sleep! farewell!—hour, hour, hour, hour,
Will slowly bring on the gleam of morrow;
But thou art Joy's faithful paramour,
And lie wilt thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

WOMAN.

Anonymous.

—o—

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn ;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast,
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart ;
'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend ;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest ;
And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

T. Campbell.

—o—

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak,' our captains cried ! when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back :—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
' And we conquer but to save :—

‘ So peace instead of death let us bring ;
‘ But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
‘ With the crews at England’s feet,
‘ And make submission meet
‘ To our King.’—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look’d smiling bright
O’er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun’ral light
Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities’ blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain’s pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heav’n o’er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid’s song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !—

DESCRIPTION OF A SHIPWRECK.

Lord Byron.

—o—

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shrieked the timid—and stood still the brave—
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave :
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave—
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder. And then all was hushed
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
 Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the babbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
 Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound,
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
 'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found :
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
 Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes ;
 And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
 And none to be the sacrifice would choose ;

At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
But of materials that much shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

He but requested to be bled to death :
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead,
He died as born, a catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins :
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who followed o'er the billow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food
To these was added Juan, who, before,
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could

Feel now his appetite increased much more ;

'Twas not to be expected that he should,

Even in extremity of their disaster,

Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

Don Juan.

ON SAILING PAST CAPE TRAFALGAR IN THE NIGHT.

Anonymous.

HAVE you sailed on the breast of the deep,
When the winds had all silenced their breath,
And the waters were hushed in as holy a sleep,
And as calm, as the slumber of death.
When the yellow moon beaming on high,
Shone tranquilly bright on the wave,
And careered through the vast and impalpable sky,
Till she found in the ocean a grave,
And dying away by degrees on the sight,
The waters were clad in the mantle of night ?

'Twould impart a delight to thy soul,
As I felt it imparted to mine,
And the draught of affliction that blackened my bowl,
Grew bright as the silvery brine.
I carelessly lay on the deck,
And listened in silence to catch
The wonderful stories of battle or wreck
That were told by the men of the watch.
Sad stories of demons most deadly that be,
And of mermaids that rose from the depths of the sea.

Strange visions my fancy had filled,
I was wet with the dew's of the night;
And I thought that the moon still continued to gild
The wave with a silvery light.
I sunk by degrees into sleep,
I thought of my friends who were far,
When a form seemed to glide o'er the face of the deep,
As bright as the evening star.
Ne'er rose there a spirit more lovely and fair,
Yet I trembled to think that a spirit was there.

Emerald green was her hair,
Braided with gems of the sea,
Her arm, like a meteor, she waved in the air
And I knew that she beckoned on me.
She glanced upon me with her eyes,
How ineffably bright was their blaze!
I shrunk and I trembled with fear and surprize,
Yet still I continued to gaze;
But enchantingly sweet was the smile of her lip,
And I followed the vision and sprang from the ship.

'Mid the waves of the ocean I fell,
The dolphins were sporting around,
And many a triton was tuning the shell,
And extatic and wild was the sound;
There were thousands of fathoms above;
And thousands of fathoms below;
And we sunk to the caves where the sea lions rove,
And the topaz and emerald glow,
Where the diamond and sapphire eternally shed
There lustre around on the bones of the dead.

And well might their lustre be bright,
For they shone on the limbs of the brave,

Of those who had fought in the terrible fight,
 And were buried at last in the wave.
 In grottoes of coral they slept,
 On white beds of pearl around ;
 And near them for ever the water snake crept,
 And the sea lion guarded the ground,
 While the dirge of the heroes by spirits was rung,
 And solemn and wild were the strains that they sung.

HINDA'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HER LOVER.

Moore.

—o—
 SHE loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird, without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze
 From isles in th' undiscovered seas,
 To shew his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !
 Will he thus fly—her nameless lover ?

 Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !

This fancy ne'er hath left her mind ;
 And though, when terror's swoon had past,

She saw a youth of mortal kind,
 Before her in obeisance cast,—
 Yet often since, when he has spoken,
 Strange awful words,—and gleams have broken
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
 Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given
 To some unhallowed child of air,
 Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old,
 Who burned for maids of mortal mould,
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes !
 Fond girl ! nor fiend, nor angel he,
 Who wooes thy young simplicity ;
 But one of earth's impassioned sons,
 As warm in Love, as fierce in ire,
 As the best heart whose current runs
 Full of the Day-God's living fire !

——— ‘ Hold, hold—thy words are death—’

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and showed beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him clung—
 ‘ Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
 All that thy sire abhors in me !
 Yes—I am of that impious race,
 Those slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,
 Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
 Among the living lights of heaven !
 Yes—I am of that outcast few,
 To IRAN and to vengeance true,
 Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 To desolate our shrines of flame ;
 And swear, before God's burning eye,
 To break our country's chains, or die !

Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—

He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot
From which our fires of worship rise !
But know—'twas he I sought that night,

When from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,

And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—

I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,

And found a trembling dove within ;

Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—

If love has made one thought his own,

That vengeance claims first—last alone !

Oh ! had we never, never met,

Or could this heart ev'n now forget

How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,

Had fate not frown'd so dark between !

Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,

In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,

Through the same fields in childhood play'd,

At the same kindling altar knelt,—

Then, then, while all those nameless ties,

In which the charm of country lies,

Had round our hearts been hourly spun,

Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;

While in thy lute's awakening sigh

I heard the voice of days gone by,

And saw in every smile of thine

Returning hours of glory shine !—

While the wrong'd spirit of our land

Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—

God ! who could then this sword withstand ?

It's very flash were victory !

But now—estrang'd, divorced for ever,

Far as the grasp of fate can sever ;
Our only ties what love has wove,—
Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide ;—
And then, then only, true to love,
When false to all that's dear beside !
Thy father, Iran's deadliest foe—
Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—
Hate never look'd so lovely yet !
No—sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
All but that bleeding land for thee !
When other eyes shall see unmoved,
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
And for his sake thou'lt weep for all !
But look——'

With sudden start he turn'd,
And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave ;
And fiery darts, at intervals,
Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
Were shooting back to heaven again.—
' My signal-lights !—I must away—
Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay !
Farewell—sweet life ! thou cling'st in vain—
Now—Vengeance!—I am thine again.'
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe.

Such were the tales that won belief,
 And such the colouring fancy gave
 To a young, warm, and dauntless chief—
 One who, no more than mortal brave,
 Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
 For happy homes and altars free,
 His only talisman, the sword,—
 His only spell-word, Liberty!
 One of that ancient hero line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names, that have sanctified their blood;
 As Lebanon's small mountain flood
 Is render'd holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks!
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny—
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast,
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,
 Though fram'd for Iran's happiest years,
 Was born among her chains and tears!
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bowed
 Before the Moslem as he pass'd,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled
 The pageant of his country's shame;
 While every tear her children shed
 Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
 And as a lover hails the dawn
 Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn
 For Vengeance and for Liberty!

Lalla Rookh.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLD OF THE GHEBERS.

Moore.

AROUND its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across;—
While on its peak that brav'd the sky,
A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high,

That oft the sleeping albatross
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!

Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,

And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder from below,

The sound of many torrents came ;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire,
Of that vast mountain stood on fire :
And though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipped in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,—
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

DESCRIPTION OF A CALM AFTER A STORM.

Moore.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone!
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air, still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers

Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem*
Whose liquid flame is born of them!

When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own,
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all:
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest—
Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda 'woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the waters' sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are 'wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmosia's bay
Bore her at morn,—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—No! strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.

Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,

* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen, &c.

And shawl and sash, on javelins hung
 For awning, o'er her head are flung.
 Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun
 Resting their limbs, as for that day

Their ministry of death were done.

Some gazing on the drowsy sea,

Lost in unconscious reverie ;

And some, who seem'd but ill to brook

That sluggish calm, with many a look

To the slack sail impatient cast,

As loose it flagg'd before the mast.

Lalla Rookh.

COMBAT OF THE BORDER CHIEFS, MUSGRAVE AND DELORAINE.

Walter Scott.

ILL would it suit your gentle ear,
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear
 How to the axe the helms did sound,
 And blood poured down from many a wound ;
 For desperate was the strife and long,
 And either warrior fierce and strong.
 But, were each dame a listening knight,
 I well could tell how warriors fight ;
 For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
 And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
 To yield a step for death or life.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

In haste the holy Friar sped;—
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!—
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight

The silent victor stands :
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands ;
And all, amid the thronged array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran :
He crossed the barriers at a bound.
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy, and in pain :
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine !
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed ;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;
“ And who art thou,” they cried,
“ Who hast this battle fought and won ? ”
His plumed helm was soon undone—
“ Cranstoun of Teviot-side !
For this fair prize I’ve fought and won,”—
And to the Ladye led her son.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast ;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow ;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united prayed,
The Ladye would the feud forego,

And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—
“Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me :
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled, and love is free.”
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :
“As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine !
This clasp of love our bond shall be ;
For this is your betrothing day.
And all these noble Lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company.”—

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain :
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his Page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took ;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of Gramarye ;
How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his Page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And lingered till he joined the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day ;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange Page the pride to tame,

From his foul hands the book to save,
 And send it back to Michael's grave.—
 Needs not to tell each tender word—
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
 Nor how she told of former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose,
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows—
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

Lay of Last Minstrel.

WAR SONG.

Lord Byron.

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi!* thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chace:

* Drummer.

But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheath'd and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth.
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall sooth;
Let her bring from the chamber her many ton'd lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell;
The roofs that we fir'd, and the plunder we shar'd,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spar'd.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier;
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd* Giaours† view his horsetail‡ with
dread;

* Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. † Infidel.

‡ Horse-tails are the insignia of a Pacha.

When his Delhis* come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

Selictar,† unsheath then our chief's scimitar :
Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war,
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

DESOLATION OF WYOMING ;

A PICTURE OF THE MISERIES ATTENDING THE AMERICAN
CIVIL WAR.

Campbell.

SAD was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes ;
Her birth star was the light of burning plains ;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

Yet ere the storm of death had rag'd remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams ?

* Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

† Sword-bearer.

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
 Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
 Save where the fife its shrill reveille screams,
 Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
 That speaks of mad'ning strife, and bloodstain'd fields to
 come.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
 Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
 First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
 A husband to the battle doom'd to go ;
 ' Nay meet not thou, (she cries,) thy kindred foe !
 ' But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !
 ' Ah, Gertrude ! thy beloved heart, I know,
 ' Would feel like mine, the stigmatizing brand !
 ' Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band !

' But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
 ' To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
 ' Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
 ' Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
 ' And how could I his few remaining years,
 ' My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?'
 So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers ;
 At last that heart to hope his heart beguil'd,
 And pale through tears suppress'd the mournful beauty
 smil'd.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
 The joy of converse had endur'd—when, hark !
 Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate ;
 And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
 A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
 And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor :
 Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark ;
 But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
 As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd :
 A spirit from the dead they deem'd him first :
 To speak he tries : but quiv'ring, pale, and parch'd,
 From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,
 Emotions unintelligible burst ;
 And long his filmed eye is red and dim ;
 At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst,
 Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limb,
 When Albert's hand he grasp'd ; but Albert knew not him—

‘ And hast thou then forgot,’ (he cried forlorn,
 And ey'd the group with half indignant air.)
 ‘ Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
 ‘ When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
 ‘ Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
 ‘ That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;
 ‘ But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
 ‘ And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,
 ‘ Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know !’

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
 Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew :
 ‘ Bless thee, my guide !’—but, backward, as he came,
 The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
 And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through.
 ‘Twas strange—nor could the group a smile controul—
 The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view :
 At last delight o'er all his features stole,
 ‘ It is—my own,’ he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.—

‘ Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
 ‘ The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
 ‘ When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
 ‘ I bore thee like a quiver on my back,
 ‘ Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;

‘ Nor foeman then, nor cougar’s crouch I fear’d,*
‘ For I was strong as mountain cataract:
‘ And dost thou not remember how we cheer’d
‘ Upon the last hill-top, when white men’s huts appeared ?

‘ Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
‘ Since I have seen thee, and again embrac’d.’
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch’d around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet plac’d ;
And Gertrude’s lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever’d joy that more profusely bled.

‘ But this is not a time,’—he started up,
‘ And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
‘ This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
‘ The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster Brandt,†—
‘ With all his howling desolating band ;—
‘ These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
‘ Awake at once, and silence half your land.
‘ Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine :
‘ Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

‘ Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bride,
‘ ‘Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
‘ Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
‘ Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
‘ No ! not the dog, that watch’d my household hearth,
‘ Escap’d, that night of blood, upon our plains !
‘ All perish’d !—I alone am left on earth !

* Cougar, the American tyger.

† Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.

‘To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
 ‘No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

‘But go!—and rouse your warriors;—for, if right
 ‘These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
 ‘Of strip’d and starred banners, on yon height
 ‘Of eastern cedars, o’er the creek of pines—
 ‘Some fort embattled by your country shines:
 ‘Deep roars th’ innavigable gulph below
 ‘Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
 ‘Go! seek the light its warlike beacons shew;
 ‘Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!’

Scarce had he utter’d—when Heav’n’s verge extreme
 Reverberates the bomb’s descending star,—
 And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and
 scream,—

To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
 Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
 Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail’d!
 As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
 While rapidly the marksman’s shot prevail’d:—
 And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail’d.

Then look’d they to the hills, where fire o’erhung
 The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
 Or swept, far seen, the tow’r, whose clock unring,
 Told legible that midnight of despair.
 She faints,—she falters not,—th’ heroic fair,—
 As he the sword and plume in haste array’d.
 One short embrace—he clasp’d his dearest care—
 But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?
 Joy, joy! Columbia’s friends are trampling through the
 shade!

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Walter Scott.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !

If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Not scorned like me! to Branksome Hall
 The Minstrels came, at festive call;
 Trooping they came, from near and far,
 The jovial priests of mirth and war;
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,
 Battle and banquet both they shared.
 Of late, before each martial clan,
 They blew their death-note in the van,
 But now, for every merry mate,
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

Me lists not at this tide declare
 The splendour of the spousal rite,

How mustered in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound:
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she feared each holy place.
False slanders these:—I trust right well,
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour:
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.

The spousal rites were ended soon:
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.

Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share ;
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery ;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed !
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamour joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy ;
Till Conrad, lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly crossed,
About some steeds his band had lost,

High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-Sword;
 He took it on the Page's saye,
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away,
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
 The kindling discord to compose;
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,
 His bosom gored with many a wound,
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
 Unknown the manner of his death,
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
 But ever from that time, 'twas said,
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

Lay of Last Minstrel.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Paulsen.

As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,
 Oarless and sailless silently they glide,
 How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair,
 Was the lone land that met the strangers there!
 No smiling villages, or curling smoke,
 The busy haunts of busy men bespoke,
 No solitary hut, the banks along,
 Sent forth blithe Labour's homely rustic song,

No urchin gambol'd on the smooth white sand,
Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,
And swam in vain the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen along the river side,
Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,
Nothing appear'd, but Nature unsubdu'd,
One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seem'd to be
As level, and as lifeless as the sea!
They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their own!

'Twas Evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They car'd not though the day ne'er came again.
The moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well—
That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
No deep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd,
No lights upon the shore, or waters play'd,
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wand'ers man was nestling there,
While even the froward babe in mother's arms
Lull'd by the scene suppress'd its loud alarms,

And yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,
Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away
All, all, was still, on gliding barque and shore,
As if the Earth now slept to wake no more;
Life seem'd extinct, as when the World first smil'd,
Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguil'd.

In such a scene the Soul oft walks abroad,
For silence is the energy of God!
Not in the blackest Tempest's midnight scowl,
The Earthquake's rocking or the Whirlwind's howl,
Not from the crashing thunder-rifted cloud,
Does his immortal mandate speak so loud,
As when the silent night around her throws
Her star-bespangled mantle of repose;
Thunder and Whirlwind, and the Earth's dread shake,
The selfish thoughts of man alone awake;
His lips may prate of Heaven, but all his fears
Are for himself, though pious he appears.
But when all Nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,
What sweet yet lofty thought the Soul beguiles!
There's not an object 'neath the Moon's bright beam,
There's not a shadow dark'ning on the stream,
There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,
Whose bright reflection on the water lies,
That does not in the lifted mind awake
Thoughts that of Love and Heaven alike partake;
While all its newly waken'd feelings prove,
That Love is Heaven, and God the Soul of Love.
In such sweet times the spirit rambles forth
Beyond the precincts of this grov'ling Earth,
Expatiates in a brighter world than this,
And plunging in the Future's dread abyss,
Proves an existence separate, and refin'd,
By leaving its frail tenement behind.

So felt our Basil, as he sat the while,
 Guiding his boat beneath the noonbeam's smile,
 For there are thoughts, which God alike has giv'n,
 To high and low—and these are thoughts of Heav'n.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Anonymous.

—o—

MYSTIC trifle! whose perfection
 Lies in multiplied reflection,
 Let us from thy sparkling store
 Draw a few reflections more.
 In thy magic circle rise
 All things men so dearly prize ;
 Stars and crowns, and glittering things,
 Such as grace the courts of kings ;
 Beauteous figures ever twining ;
 Gems with brilliant lustre shining ;
 Turn the tube ; how quick they pass !
 Crowns and stars prove broken glass.

Trifle ! let us from thy store
 Draw a few reflections more ;
 Who could, from thy outward case,
 Half thy hidden beauties trace ?
 Who, from such exterior show,
 Guess the gems, within that glow ?
 Emblem of the mind divine,
 Cased within its mortal shrine !

Once again, the miser views
 Thy sparkling gems, thy golden hues,

He breaks thee ope, and finds within
Some bits of glass, a tube of tin!
Such are mere riches, valued true;
Such the illusions men pursue!

DEATH OF THE ALMANACK.

Now midnight's silent solemn hour
Broods lonely o'er the snowy lawn,
While Contemplation, wakeful power,
Softly proclaims the New-Year's dawn.

But hark—the Almanack—the friend
Whose chat has cheered me thro' the year;
Its voice, now sinking to its end.
From yonder mantel-shelf I hear.

“The cruel time arrives—in vain
I chide the moments—they are done;
Poor Almanacks are born to pain—
How soon our annual race is run!

“’Twas early on last New-Year's day
That I was fixed upon the wall,
Condemned behind a cord to stay,
Wide open to the view of all.

“The weather faithfully I've told—
The letter's date was mine to tell,
And how the luminaries rolled,
And what the moon's strange face befel.

“ Oft have I told the ruling sign,
Have noted every holiday,
And many a recipe of mine
Has routed fell disease away.

“ The husbandman my knowledge praised,
The lawyer my directions used ;
My page the patriot song has raised,
My anecdotes a laugh diffused.

“ When Edgar in his waking dreams
Glanced at the dear appointed day,
To me he look'd if Luna's beams,
Would light him on his homeward way.

“ And lovely Jane with cautious heed,
My columns oft has viewed to see
When lightsome eves would William lead
To ask her o'er the dewy lea.

“ Through joy, or carelessness, or haste,
Oft have they flung me rashly by,
By children, dirt, and grease defaced,
Or doomed on dusty shelves to lie.

“ The clock strikes twelve ! O fatal chime !
I die, with thousands at the word ;
But thousands more the hand of Time
At morn shall place behind the cord !”

Stay, stay, old friend—but ah, too late !
Time's heedless car sweeps all away .
But mourn not thy unhappy fate ;
Man, too, is hastening to decay.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

From the German.

—o—

HE sleeps ! the hour of mortal pain
And warrior pride alike are past ;
His blood is mingling with the rain,
His cheek is withering in the blast.

This morn there was a bright hue there,
The flush of courage stern and high ;
The steel has drain'd its current clear,
The storm has bleach'd its gallant dye.

This morn these icy hands were warm ;
That lid, half shewing the glazed ball,
Was life !—Thou chill and clay-faced form,
Is this the one we loved ? This all !

Woman, away, and weep no more !
Can the dead give thee love for love ?
Can the grave hear ?—His course was o'er,
The spirit wing'd its way above.

Wilt thou for dust and ashes weep ?
Away ! thy husband lies not here :
Look to yon Heaven ! If love is deep
On Earth—'tis tenfold there.

Give this a soldier's grave. Away !
Then to thy closet, to thy knee :—
Go live ; and if thou lov'dst him, pray
Even here, to make him glad of thee.

THE SOLDIER IN EGYPT.

Finlay.

FROM my slumber I woke, at the dead of the night
And down to the ocean I sped;
The moon on the billows was trembling and bright
As it rose o'er the Pyramid's head.
Its beams lent a magic far dearer than sleep,
As I trod my lone course on the sand,
And dear was the blast as it blew o'er the deep,
For it came from my native land.

The battle had ceased with the sweet setting sun,
But I heard its dread tumult again;
I paused—it was nought but the answering gun^u
Of the watchman afar on the plain.
I thought of the woe and the carnage again—
I look'd o'er the wave's distant foam;
And the tear that had started at sight of the slain,
I shed for the friends of my home.

Oh! pleasant it is, on a far foreign shore
To think on the days that are past;
It awakes the dull spirit that slumbered before,
Like the rain 'mid the burning waste.
Was it hope or illusion my bosom that warmed,
When I thought on the birch of the grove?
Like a wretch half bewilder'd with magic that charmed,
I heard the sweet voice of my love.

To the spot, O for ever be fettered my sight,
With the sound ever charmed let me be;
Even this corse-covered strand is a couch of delight,
When such visions my fancy can see.

FEMALE FASHIONS IN FRANCE.

Moore.



WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad naughty girl,—
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,
Except the *two* words, “superbe,” “magnifique,”
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd—I forget—a *la*—something which sounded
Like *alicampane*,—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame le Roi's:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel;
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote:
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *a la Psyche*, and curls *a la braise*.
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *a la Francaise*,
With my bonnet, so beautiful high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimnies from smoking.
Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights;
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Fudge Family.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

Walter Scott.

—o—

WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen,—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And Lord of Langley dale,
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen—,
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

O' chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
For braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a'
Shall ride our forest queen—'
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.

They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT SEA.

Anonymous.

—o—

Oh ! Thou, who bidst these ocean-streams
Their primal bounds and limits keep ;
Who lay'st Thy temple's starry beams
Unshaken on the mighty deep ;

Conduct us o'er the trackless waste
That spurns the print of human feet,
But where Thy presence may be traced,
In every wind and wave we meet !

And as these liquid plains we rove,
Should stormy winds resistless blow,
O save us from the flash above !
O spare us from the gulph below !

And in these soul-appalling hours,
When death rides high on every wave,
Assist, oh ! Lord, our feeble powers,
And save,—when Thou alone canst save !

And on those plains of early day,
Where first the star-light was unfurl'd,
That shed salvation from its ray,
And splendour o'er a nighted world ;

Oh! shroud us from the scorching beam,
That preys on life's diminished spring,
From fever's wild delirious dream,
The tiger's wrath, the serpent's sting.

But teach us,—more than all the rest,—
To bow submissive to thy will.
In all thy tender mercies blest,
In all thy judgments, patient still!

That thou, life's weary voyage past,
By favouring gales or tempests driven,
Our stedfast barks may gain at last
Their wished for port—their port in Heaven

EPISTLE FROM LAKE ONTARIO.

You ask, my worthy friend, shall I come o'er,
To spend my days on fair Columbia's shore!
Forsake my native home, and cross the seas,
To visit that vast world of lakes and trees;
Where man is free to legislate or farm;
No tax to fleece, no tyranny to harm;
But wealth, content, and true religion reign,
While rivers roll their riches to the main!
And equal rights uphold the solid plan,
Nor gold, nor birth, can dignify the man?
Elective all—and may a shoe-black vote?
On such a freedom-loving land I dote.
O tell me, dearest friend, is all this true?
They say so here; but I refer to you:
You are upon the spot?—

I am, my friend,
And will an honest, candid, answer send,
From this vast lake, which skirts Canadia's shore,
Where falls the Gennesie with thundering roar,
Where swamps extend, and lazy rivers glide,
And forests fringe Ontario's southern side.—
I sit beneath a scorching solar ray,
That pours around insufferable day;
Or roam the glade to catch a cooling breeze—
The hot south-east wind hardly fans the trees.
If in the deepest shades I seek retreat
From the still landscape's enervating heat,
From every swamp the fierce mosquitoes rise,
Dart on my neck, and buz about my eyes;
Ten thousand thousand round and round me fly,
And drive me back to meet the blazing sky.
Nor am I better, if I seek the inn,
Where hot republicans drink fiery gin,—
No calm retreat the tavern can afford,
No private bed-room, no exclusive board;
I seek for neat convenience here in vain,
And plunge into the forest shade again.
Few sweets of polish'd life these woods provide,
And yet they are not truly countrified:
That rustic innocence which spreads a charm
O'er the small cottage and well cultured farm,
And gives each tenant of the village green
The healthy aspect and the mind serene,
Dwells not within these transatlantic shades,
Where rudeness half the moral world pervades.
And yet, America is all our boast—
The Yankee's pride, the politician's toast:
The land where men oppress'd may seek repose;
Where liberty's serenest planet glows.

All this is fine, my friend : but, were it true,
I would not send a sad reverse to you.

Not that I blame the squatter's smoky shed,
Nor gloomy pines high waving o'er my head,
The swampy path, mud creek, nor craggy ridge,
Blaze-track, wind-fall, deep rut, nor pole-built bridge.
Around each farm, if half-burnt trees arise,—
If they're unsightly, I avert my eyes;
Nor do I vent my British spleen, and frown—
Though every group of huts be call'd a town—
A transatlantic town, with houses four!
A court-house, news-room, whiskey still, and store;
A tavern built of logs, where sots may swill
The fiery poison of the whisky-still.
If woodland settlers shoals of lawyers need
To guard their rights, I fret not—they are feed.
Roads pav'd with stumps and mud I will not curse,
Tho' Mungo Park and Bruce ne'er travell'd worse.
Trees, forests, woods, a botanist may please;
But who loves only forests, woods, and trees?
Yet, still along th' interminable shade
I travel on, nor wood nor waste upbraid;
But think how well, amidst these forests rude,
A Zimmerman might write on solitude.

You next enquire, if, 'midst Columbia's trees,
Pure health, or sickness, mixes with the breeze?
If men are vigorous? and if the rose
On female cheeks, high-flush'd with life-blood glows?
—A question vitally important, I
Shall now premise a suitable reply:
Can sultry suns on youth and vigour feed,
Can sultry marshes yellow fevers breed,

Can sullen woods and wet savannahs make
 A thousand agues round each inland lake,
 And this be wholesome—this increase the fire
 Of vital health, and make it burn the high'r?—
 Or, if extremes of heat and coldness join,
 And whirl you from Siberia to the line,—
 Give men and women both a sickly hue,
 And leave the bloom of florid cheeks to few;
 If even now, amid this sultry glow,
 I shiver if a smart north wester blow,
 Do I assert the clime's unwholesome, Sir?—
 I state the fact,—the sequel you infer.

With all respect to men of other views,
 This is not the meridian I would choose:
 Not that buck-barley fritters I despise,
 Nor bacon strong, hoe-cakes, and pumpkin pies;
 A smoky chimney I might hope to cure,
 And even bed bugs for a time endure.
 'Tis not, however, these defects I blame,
 But man's *anomalies*, that want a name,
 A cold, ignoble democratic, pride,
 Can set each foreign excellence aside,
 And in the fustian of each vain pretence,
 Break every modest bound of sober sense:—
 "Our's is the happy land,—and our's alone,
 "And science, freedom, arts, are all our own!"
 But stop,—what's England?—"England is a nest
 Of tyrants, and of sycophants, at best."

Suppose, by many a rapid tempest tost,
 All safe, all well, the vast Atlantic crost,
 A yellow fever thy arrival greet,
 Call hence thy wife, thy air-built plans defeat.

Or, if arriv'd in safety (do not smile,) 'Tis but the threshold of thy future toil,
Five hundred miles (nay, prithee, do not fret,) A thousand miles remain to travel yet,
Of forests dreary, crost with many a sigh By thee, with England's beauties in thine eye,
Ere thou canst find an eligible spot To clear for culture, and to build a cot.
Admit you settled in this happy land, Where all is rudely wild, severely grand :
Woods, rivers, lakes, on nature's largest plan, The mansion noble,—but the tenant man,
A crabbed politician, proud and rude, The child of nature in her sourest mood,
Who feels for Britain's populace and shore Such love as Cain to upright Abel bore ;
If you can sympathize with men like these, Who live embosom'd in a wild of trees,
Come to this sylvan world, this vast retreat, To fell the pine-tree, and to raise buck-wheat,
To drink pure poison from the whiskey-still, And teach the foodful grain the art to kill.
Come to these sickly swamps, and sultry woods, To rivers, rapids, cataracts, and floods ;
Come build a cottage at yon pine tree foot, A two days' journey from thy neighbour's hut ;
Enjoy the bliss for which a poet pray'd, " A boundless contiguity of shade ;"
A lodge in these vast forests of the west, Where thou may'st live unknown, and die unblest.

A TYROLESE WAR SONG.

From the German.

COME, Sons of the Hill! leave the chamois and roe,
For the harvest lies thick in the valley below;
Bavaria and Gaul they have branded their might;
The slave and the tyrant are harness'd for fight.

Then, gather ye here in the mist and the snow,
On the tower of your strength, o'er the heads of the foe—
Should the flash of your bright arms be seen from your
shroud,
It will seem only lightning that breaks from the cloud.

Should the sound of your watchword be heard in the night,
They will think it the echo of winds from the height;
And the clash of your feet, as ye rush to the plain,
Will be heard as a winter brook, swelled with the rain.

And gather, ye eagles, ye wolves of the hill;
The banquet is set, ye shall revel your fill;
Come down like the whirlwind, come down like the flood,
For the reapers are gone to the harvest of blood.

A WISH.

Rogers.

MINE be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SKETCH OF HOLLAND.

Rev. J. Mitford.

—o—

THE sun is up ; and slowly on the tide,
How gay, how fair the painted barges glide,
While o'er yon level length of mead, is seen
Bright as an emerald, in its robe of green.
The mill-sail ceaseless turns—the laden wain
Creaks as it wears along the rushy plain,
And many a thought to calm enjoyment dear,
And many a scene of patient toil is here—
Along each broomy mead, each willowy shore,
The little hamlet opes its willing door:
And here content with ever watchful breast,
Dove-like sits brooding o'er its sheltered nest.

And nursed by her, here patriot valour calls
From Delf's high spires, and Haarlem's mould'ring walls,
And Leyden's streets yet nobler scenes afford,
The scholar's counsel edged the soldier's sword,
While he, the baffled tyrant shrunk to see
In famine's ghastly eye, the gleam of liberty.

Then why should he, the pensive traveller grieve
For scenes like these, his native hills to leave,
Marked he how trim yon garden's trellis'd bound,
How streaked with beauty rose the flower-girt mound ;
Saw he the swan, his snowy plumage lave,
And the green island tremble in the wave ;
Marked he the moated watch-tower rise around
With many a peak'd fantastic turret crown'd.—
The village spire seen frequent o'er the trees,
The tufted osiers rustling in the breeze :
The kine that pasture in the champaign wide,
The frequent barge laveering on the tide,
The poplar grove with autumn's foliage gay,
These all shall cheer him on his length'ning way—
For many a day content with scenes like these,
Well-pleas'd I gaz'd ; for all had power to please.
The painted summer-house that o'er the stream,
Catches the evening sun's departing gleam :
The willow weeping o'er the turf ; the vine
Whose beamy clusters through the lattice shine,
And the long colonnade ; whose dark'ning green,
Through pillar'd arches just admits the scene ;
The slow canal, the air-hung bridge, the tree
Of figur'd form :—they all had charms for me.

Here late with him I roamed, who many a day
Had left his native vallies far away—

And now well-nigh the autumn day was done,
 And Ryswick's spires shone in the setting sun.
 From mead to mead as slow we loiter'd there,
 Soft chimes came floating through the evening air,
 The music of his native land :*—it came
 And burst, and lighten'd on his heart ; like flame
 What instant visions floated o'er his eyes,
 Yon level meads in mountain structures rise :
 Again he heard, as oft in youth, the bee
 Wind his blithe horn in pleasant harmony—
 He heard the echoes of the torrent swell
 Along the peaked rocks of Apenzell ;
 Again he saw the bounding chamois roam,
 Scared by the eagle from his Alpine home,
 He heard Lausanne's still waters gently creep,
 And move and murmur, to the mountain's steep:
 While the pale moon, from out her cloudy cave,
 Dropp'd her still anchor in the twilight wave.

FOREST SCENERY.

Walter Scott.

'Tis merry in greenwood, thus runs the old lay,
 In the gladsome month of lively May,
 When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
 Invites to forest bower ;
 Then rears the ash his airy crest,
 Then shines the birch in silver vest,
 And the beech in glistening leaves is dress'd,
 And dark between shews the oak's proud breast,

* The carillons in the churches in Holland very often play Swiss tunes.

Like a chieftain's frowning tower ;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sun-beams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,

With brighter tints the flower :
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wild-wood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,

When the green wood loses the name ;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the red-breast's note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound

That opens on his game :
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride
And gild its many-colour'd side ;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,

Like an early widow's veil,
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of green-wood shade,
By forest statutes undismay'd,

Who liv'd by bow and quiver.
Well known was Wulfstane's archery,
By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,

Through wooded Weardale's glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope's wild-wood tree,
And well on Ganlesse river.
Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard fame
Of Jutta of Rookhope, the outlaw's dame;
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd,
For then, 'twas said, more fatal true,
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane's bended yew
Sprang forth the grey goose shaft.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So heaven decreed, a daughter fair;
None brighter crown'd the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.
And naught of fraud, or ire, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,
A simple maiden she;
The spells in dimpled smiles that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Were her arms and witchery.
So young, so simple was she yet,
She scarce could childhood's joys forget,
And still she loved, in secret set
Beneath the green-wood tree,
To plait the rushy coronet,
And braid with flowers her locks of jet,
As when in infancy;—
Yet could that heart so simple, prove
The early dawn of stealing love:

Ah! gentle maid, beware!
The power who now, so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er thy rest,
Let none his empire share.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And where a fountain sprung,
She sat her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,
And while the beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good morrow to the day,
So lightsofly she sung:

"Lord William was born in gilded bower,
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dew drops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me:
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will,—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

“ My nurse has told me many a tale,
 How vows of love are weak and frail;
 My mother says that courtly youth,
 By rustic maid means seldom sooth;
 What should they mean? it cannot be,
 That such a warning's meant for me,
 For nought—oh! nought of fraud or ill
 Can William mean to Metelill!”

Harold the Dauntless.

FRENCH DANCING.

Moore.

—o—

BUT the dancing—*ah parlez moi*, Dolly, *de ca—*
 There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but papa,
 Such beauty, such grace,—Oh ye sylphs of romance!
 Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
 One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
 Like divine Bigottini, and sweet Fanny Bias!
 Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature!—you'd swear,
 When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
 That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
 And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
 And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
 Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,
 Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
 That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from heaven?
 Then the music—so softly its cadences die,
 So divinely—Oh, Dolly! between you and I,
 It's as well for my peace, that there's nobody nigh
 To make love to me then,—*you've* a soul, and can judge
 What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy Fudge!

Fudge Family.

SLOCHD ALTRIMEN ; OR, THE SPAR CAVE*.

Carey.

Now hush thy care, my Mountain Love!
 Though Fortune on our union frown,
 And let a tale thy pity move,
 A tale as hapless as our own.

O! would the Sun of pleasure rise,
 And shed as sweet his brightening ray,
 And light my Jessy's brilliant eyes,
 And chase the mists of fear away—

As sweet as when in Runa's bower
 The fair Dounhuila blest its beam,
 The long dark night of Sorrow o'er
 Remember'd as a fleeting dream ;

Or told in Love's adoring ear,
 To prove the warm unchanging mind,
 And render rapture doubly dear—
 Ah, Jessy! were our fate as kind—

How glad would I the lyre of Woe
 For Pleasure's sprightly pipe resign !
 How would my Jessy's bright eyes glow,
 As fondly match'd in joy by mine !

* This Cave is situate on that division of the Island of Skye called Strath-aird, near the promontory of Rhu-na-heskan, or the Point of Eels.

So Grief sat dewy in each eye,
And chac'd the light of Pleasure's smile
Along the ravag'd vales of Skye,
So dear to Peace and Joy erewhile ;

What time the fleets of Ulster came,
And Cairbre led the fierce array,
While, bearing Anlaive's glaive of fame,
The Lords of Skye were far away.

Mac Cairbre's hands are dyed with blood,
And plunder loads his wanton train,
And shall his sails in frolic mood
Retrace uncheck'd the foaming main ?

Though from the storm's unsated ire
They shelter sweet in Colonsay,
And all for scenes of war the Sire
Has given his age's hope away ;

Well may they dread the coming wrath,
When favouring winds and vengeance high
Shall give to trace their trackless path
The bold and banner'd lists of Skye.

They slumber not in Summer bowers,—
Revenge their venturous sail expands,
And lo ! around proud Ulster's towers
They marshal their indignant bands.

These towers, the boast of Innisfail,
The hand of justice has laid low—
But Ulster's Pride shall live to tell
The triumph of a generous foe.

Now spread again the whitening sail,
And steer where Rhu-na-heskan lies;
Adieu! the shores of Innisfail,
For Slappen's mountain peaks arise.

Chace not the smiling form of Peace,
Soft cradled on the limpid tide,
Nor bid the rowers' sweet song cease,
Ye winds that spread destruction wide!

Be hush'd! while with affection true,
Dounhuila marks their white sails pass,
And strives her brother's form to view
From the lone towers of high Dunglas.

The sweet, the summer calm is past—
'Tis her's to mark with tearful eye
The stormy Spirit of the blast
Wreck on yon reef the Hopes of Skye.

Though stormy wild, blest is the wave
That dashes round yon rocky strand;
For lo! a fainting Warrior brave
Its foamy surge has borne to land.

And see! his faithful dog, whose care
Has snatch'd him from the jaws of death,
With throbbing heart has stretch'd him there,
And warms him with his panting breath.

Say is it, Powers who rule the storm!
The lov'd face of a brother dear,
And his the fondly clasped form
Dounhuila bathes with many a tear?

Ah no! her piercing shriek declares
 'Tis not the Youth she sigh'd to meet;
Yet still the hapless stranger shares
 Those cares that teach the pulse to beat—

To beat with gratitude and love—
 To own that life was dead before—
Though doom'd from Colonsay to rove,
 And Ulster's daughter is no more.

A fairer still demands the sigh—
 She who for many a lingering hour
Has watch'd his couch with anxious eye,
 And hail'd sweet Health's returning flower ;

And all for him in turret lone
 Has shunn'd the festal scenes so gay,
And all on which the day has shone,
 And worn the night in prayer away.

When Man has shut the door unkind
 On Pity, Earth's divinest guest,
The Wanderer never fails to find
 A sweet abode in Woman's breast.

She heard the feeble Stranger's tale
 That long their parents had been foes,
But still her cheek, with watching pale,
 Declares her heart with pity glows.

And much she fears her gentle breast,
 Where aught unholy never came,
A warmer feeling has possess'd,
 And Love has stole soft Pity's name.

And much she sighs that Love so sweet
Should thus Concealment's veil require,
And, trembling, much she dreads to meet
A father's frown, a brother's ire.

But ah! what sorrow seiz'd her heart,
What anguish was she doom'd to prove,
When sad she saw the Chief depart,
Grown dearer still to her and love!

Nor did the Chieftain's bosom own
The parting pang of sorrow less,—
But still he spoke in faltering tone
Of days of coming happiness.

“And while,” he said, “I roam from thee,
This dog which stay'd life's fleeting breath
When panting in the stormy sea,
Shall be thy guardian power beneath.”

Dounhuila's heart was fraught with grief,
And love confess'd the bitter tear,
For ah! she felt the wandering Chief
Had left her yet a pledge more dear.

That pledge has yet to see the light,
While he, the lov'd, the Parent stem,
Whose eye should burn with rapture bright,
Marks not the sweet unfolding gem.

He marks not Beauty's fading flower,
His way is on the pathless deep,
While to her high and lonely tower
Dounhuila turns to watch and weep.

By erring Love a victim made
Where shall the fairest Maid of Skye
Unseen the tear of anguish shed,
And hide her form from every eye;

And watch her blooming Chief's return,
And pour to Heaven th' unchanging heart,
In prayers that breathe, and tears that burn,
And act, sweet task ! a Mother's part ?

A Cave there is on yonder shore,
Where seldom mortal foot hath been,
Yet fairy Fancy's magic lore
Ne'er form'd a more enchanted scene.

The blue-eyed Maid of Ocean's wave,
Who sings the warring winds to sleep,
Reclines in less transparent cave,
Far in the bosom of the deep.

There in her bower all sparry bright,
Dounhuila sat like Goddess fair,
And watch'd the green wave's tremulous light,
And nurs'd her growing infant care.

And there a trusty guardian waits,—
Not blest with waking vision more
Is he sent by th' un pitying Fates
To guard old Rhadamanthus' door.

And round was many a jewel rare,
But brighter pearls in liquid stream
Suffuse Dounhuila's cheek, while there
She soothes her slumbering infant's dream.

“Sleep on,” she sings, “while, melancholy,
Thy mother here must sit and pine,
To think, that were Dounhuila’s folly
Known to the Lords of Dunglas’ line,

“More bitter still would flow her tear,
And hands that bloody deeds have done,
Would tear thee from my bosom, dear!
Although thou art a hero’s son.”

But joy illumed Dounhuila’s eyes
When light a vessel near’d the strand,
And lost in long and sweet surprise,
A youthful Warrior sprung to land.

And when the sound of well known feet
Re-echoed ’midst his sparry cave,
The couchant mastiff sprung to meet
The plumed Chieftain of the wave.

The cave he marks—his faithful Tray—
But hark! what sweeter bliss is given—
“’Tis he! the Chief of Colonsay!”—
“It is Dounhuila! gracious Heaven!”

And there was seen that living gem
That fills with joy a father’s eye—
The sweet fruit of the holiest flame
That burns beneath Heaven’s canopy.

And when he could the tale relate
For gazing on those objects dear,
That they to crown their union wait
Whose smile alone was wanting here.

Still lighter danced Dounhuila's heart,
And brighter shone Love's eye of glee,
Ah! Jessy, when will Fate impart
A bliss so sweet to you and me?

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

Rogers.

"SAY what remains when Hope is fled."
She answered, "Endless weeping!"
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Bardon-fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest-green,
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
The Boy of Egremond was seen.
Blithe was his song, a song of yore,
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more!
'Twas but a step! the gulph he passed!
But that step—it was his last!
As through the mist he wing'd his way,
(A cloud that hovers night and day,)
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The Master and his merlin too.

That narrow place of noise and strife
Receiv'd their little all of Life !

There now the matin-bell is rung ;
The " Miserere !" duly sung ;
And holy men in cowl and hood
Are wandering up and down the wood.
But what avail they ? Ruthless Lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.
Sit now and answer groan for groan.
The child before thee is thy own.
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;
Of those who would not be consoled
When red with blood the river rolled,

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Westall.

WHAT time the once unnoticed tide,
Fast swelling rolls a torrent wide ;
What time the fields are frequent strown
With scattered leaves of yellow brown ;
What time the hawthorn berries glow,
And, touch'd by frost, the ripen'd sloe
Less crudely tastes ; and when the sheep
Together in the vallies keep ;

And all the smaller birds appear
In flocks, and mourn the alter'd year;
The careful rustic marks the signs
Of winter, marks them and repines;
Swift to the neighb'ring wood he goes,
Its branches fall beneath his blows,
And, as they fall, his healthy brood
In bundles tie the sapless wood,
And bear it on their heads away,
As fuel for the wintry day.
At length the chilling mists arise
Wide o'er the earth, and veil the skies;
The feather'd show'r falls quickly down,
And deeper seems dark winter's frown;
The north-wind hollow murm'ring blows,
And drives in heaps the falling snows;
While Fancy, (now without her flowers
Her wand'ring streams, her mystic bowers,)
Delighted, rides upon the wind,
And shapes the wild forms to her mind,
Me, when the rising morning breaks
The rear of night with ruddy streaks,
She calls, the alter'd scenes to view,
And fill the soul with features new.
How chang'd, how silent is the grove,
Late the gay haunt of youth and love!
Its tangling branches now are shorn
Of leafy honours, and upborne
By their close tops, the snow has made
Beneath a strange and solemn shade,
Here oft with careless ease I lay
On the green lap of genial May:
Dear was the stream whose bottom shone
With fragments rude of sculptur'd stone,

Which from yon abbey's ivy'd wall,
 Shook by the wind, would often fall;
 Dear was the sound its waters made,
 As down the pebbled slope they play'd.
 I hear not now its mimic roar,
 Seiz'd by the frost it sounds no more;
 But dreary, mute, and sad it stands,
 Torpid beneath chill Winter's hands.
 Stern Power! be mine with wary feet,
 On the bleak heath thy form to meet
 Full oft, but only when the day
 Of half its terrors robs thy sway;
 Ne'er be my daring footsteps found
 On aught but closely shelter'd ground,
 When Thou and Night, disastrous pair!
 With fear and darkness fill the air.

THE TURKISH LADY.

Campbell.

—o—

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Call'd each Paynim voice to pray'r,
 And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
 E'en a captive's spirit tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
 Came an eastern lady bright:
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
 Saw and lov'd an English knight.

‘ Tell me, captive, why in anguish
 ‘ Foes have dragg’d thee here to dwell,
 ‘ Where poor Christians as they languish
 ‘ Hear no sound of sabbath bell?’—

‘ ’Twas on Transylvania’s Bannat
 ‘ When the crescent shone afar,
 ‘ Like a pale disastrous planet
 ‘ O’er the purple tide of war—

‘ In that day of desolation,
 ‘ Lady, I was captive made;
 ‘ Bleeding for my Christian nation
 ‘ By the walls of high Belgrade.’

‘ Captive ! could the brightest jewel
 ‘ From my turban set thee free?’—
 ‘ Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
 ‘ Ransom’d, yet if reft of thee.

‘ Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee
 ‘ Christian climes should we behold?’—
 ‘ Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
 ‘ Were thy ransom paid in gold !’

Now in Heaven’s blue expansion
 Rose the midnight star to view,
 When to quit her father’s mansion,
 Thrice she wept, and bade adieu !

‘ Fly we then, while none discover !
 ‘ Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride !’
 Soon at Rhodes the British lover
 Clasp’d his blooming Eastern bride.

THE PATRIOT.

Rogers.

IN Autumn at his plough
Met and solicited, behold him now
Serving the state again—not as before,
Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,—
But in the Senate: and (though round him fly
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,)
With honest dignity, with manly sense,
And every charm of natural eloquence,
Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause,
The first, the foremost to obey the laws,
The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
Careless of ruin—"For the general good
'Tis not the first time I shall shed my blood."
On thro' that gate misnamed, thro' which before
Went Sydney, Russel, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,
On into twilight within walls of stone,
Then to the place of trial; and alone,
Alone before his judges in array
Stands for his life: there, on that awful day,
Counsel of friends—all human help denied—
All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
Like that sweet Saint who sat by Russel's side
Under the Judgment-seat.—But guilty men
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
Again with honour to his hearth restored,
Lo, in the accustomed chair and at the board,
Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim,
(The humblest servant calling by his name)

He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
All met as at a holy festival!
—On the day destined for his funeral!
Lo, there the Friend, who, entering where he lay,
Breathed in his drowsy ear “Away, away!
Take thou *my* cloak—Nay, start not, but obey—
Take it and leave me.” And the blushing Maid,
Who through the streets as through a desert strayed;
And, when her dear, dear Father passed along,
Would not be held—but, bursting thro’ the throng,
Halberd and battle-axe—kissed him o’er and o’er;
Then turned and went—then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more!
And oh, how chang’d at once—no heroine here,
But a weak woman, worn with grief and fear,
Her darling Mother! ’Twas but now she smiled.
And now she weeps upon her weeping child!
—But who sits by, her only wish below
At length fulfilled—and now prepared to go?
His hands on hers—as through the mists of night,
She gazes on him with imperfect sight;
Her glory now, as ever her delight!
—To her, methinks, a second Youth is given;
The light upon her face a light from Heaven!

GLENARA.

Campbell.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad on the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
’Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call’d to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they march'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar :
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn :
' Why speak ye no word ! '—said Glenara the stern.

' And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
' Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ?'
So spake the rude chieftain ;—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;
' And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem ;
' Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !'

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen ;
When a voice from the kinsman spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn :

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
' I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :
' On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
' Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

THE FAIR SLAVE.

C. Dibdin.

PIPE all hands, for alive's the gale,
 Weigh the anchor and set the sail;
 Full fresh the breeze is blowing;
 The anchor's up, and the sails are squar'd,
 The helm in hand, and the harbour clear'd,
 And over the seas we're going.

And many's the league from British land;
 But while slow dribbles the glass's sand,
 The breeze so briskly blowing,
 Many the knots in the hour we pass,
 And free as the diamond cuts the glass
 We cut the wave that's flowing.

And, hark, while trimming our canvass wings,
 Gay, in the shrouds the sailor sings,
 The breeze so briskly blowing;
 And the helmsman echoes him as he steers,
 And every bosom his burthen cheers,
 " To British land we're going."

The simple feast of the Arab o'er,
 Allan and that Fair Slave implore
 Of the grateful chief both guard and guide,
 To the nearest port where, 'chance, might ride
 Some bark, to the isle of freemen bound,
 To bear them for ever from graceless ground.
 The grateful chief, with a generous hand,
 Supplies their wants, and at their command
 A guard he places—" God speed !" he cries,
 While mist appeared in the Arab's eyes ;

Rude in nature, but rich in heart,
He must with his life's preserver part,
And part for ever, "God speed!" he said;
"And blessing be ever on either head;
Now speed ye well to the Christian shore,
And no better wish can my friendship say
Than, may you return to no Moslem bay,
Though Irad the Arab shall see you no more;"
God speed! God speed!—and his hand he waves,
Then over the desert the ransom'd slaves
Fly with safety, and fly with speed:
And, blessing the Arab, with joy proceed;
Retrace their track: while the Turkish lord
Is on to Bassorah; for soon the sword
And the matchlock ceas'd to swell death's prey,
And the caravan, robb'd, resum'd its way;
And the Turk, who deem'd his haram's boast
A plundered prize to the Arab host,
Went murmuring on with the caravan,
And there we leave the worldly man.
The pair with rapture retrac'd their track,
And the shores of Aleppo receiv'd 'em back;
Rich merchants' habits disguise supply
To guard from suspicion's intrusive eye:
And an English bark in the bay is moor'd,
Their passage is paid, and they're safe aboard;
The anchor's up, and the sails are squar'd,
The helm's in hand, and the harbour's clear'd,
The breeze is strong, and their fears are o'er,
And, merry they steer towards England's shore:
Full many an hour runs out the sand,
Many a day and night have past,
And touching at many a foreign land,
On England's shore they stand at last.

Young Arthur.

LOVE'S GIFT.—THE RUBY AND THE PEARL.

C. Dibdin.



RUBY, a gem of the Sylphic race,
Glowing with ardour, and beaming with grace;
From whose eyes shot a radiance, chaste, brilliant, and
warm,
The mellow of splendor, the softness of charm;
Enamour'd became of a graceful girl,
Of earthly mould, and he named her Pearl.

And, O, that maiden was lily fair,
Perfect her form as true circles are :
And, O, how modest that maid serene ;
And, O, how polish'd that maiden's mien ;
Pure as polish'd that graceful girl ;
And Ruby he glowed for the lovely Pearl.

Still as he hover'd the maiden nigh,
And caught the mild ray of her chasten'd eye ;
His ardour while gazing on one so meek,
Reflected a blush on her maiden cheek ;
Ah! 'twas not the blush of a graceless girl
That tinted the cheek of the lovely Pearl.

He seem'd a sun, as the sun seems oft,
Ruby red, with mild beams of gold ;
And she like the moon beam'd rays as soft
As brighten the revels that fairies hold ;
And Ruby he sigh'd for that graceful girl,
While artlessly listen'd the lovely Pearl.

He sung, " O I am a spirit of air,
A mortal thou, as refin'd as fair;
And sylphs may celestial converse hold
With the pure and the lovely of mortal mould :
And worthy art thou, O graceful girl,
The love of the Ruby, O beauteous Pearl!

" I'll build for thy beauty a jessamine bower,
Type of thyself that virgin flow'r;
And the leaves of that flow'r shall be emblems seen
Of constancy, grac'd by the emerald's green;
O bless that bower, thou graceful girl,
Where Ruby shall listen to lovely Pearl.

" I'll weave thee a wreath of the golden ray,
And thy tresses shall diamond stars display;
The nymphs of the ocean thy birth shall tell,
And, O, thou shalt ride in their cars of shell;
In the grotts of coral, O graceful girl,
Shall Ruby beam light for the lovely Pearl."

The virgin she listen'd to Love's soft lay,
To love as pure as the moon-beam's ray;
But, O, she had sisters; alike the whole
In face and in form, and in softness and soul;
And, meeting alone each graceful girl,
Ruby fancied that each was his lovely Pearl.

And every virgin the sylph had seen,
And every virgin the sylph had won;
Every sister his song had been,
And ear to his praises refus'd him none :
But, meeting together each graceful girl,
Ruby glow'd for all round as his lovely Pearl.

The power of witchery saw the scene,
The spirit of spite was fill'd with spleen ;
By magic art in a golden spell
She bound 'em for ever and aye to dwell.
With the Ruby she fix'd ev'ry graceful girl,
And surrounded he stood by each lovely Pearl.

And Love he wept ; and the sylphs complain'd ;
But the witching spirit her spell maintained ;
Love call'd it a *ring*, and resolv'd it should prove
A type of the pure and the ardent love ;
And love's gift, in a ring, to a graceful girl,
Is ruby, encircled by lovely pearl.

Young Arthur.

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

WITHIN trumpet-sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free ;
And they all arise to fight that prize,—
They all arise, but three.
Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow,
For penance, or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right, and true love plight,
And plain of honour flown.
The knights they busied them so fast,
With buckling spur and belt,
That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
Were neither seen nor felt.

From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
Each gallant turns aside,
And only thought, "If speeds my lance,
A queen becomes my bride!
She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
And Carlisle tower and town;
She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heir'd a crown."—
So in haste their coursers they bestride,
And strike their visors down.

The champions, armed in martial sort,
Have thronged into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney miss'd.
And still these lovers' fame survives
For faith so constant shown,—
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who lov'd his own.
The first was Launcelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold,
What time, of all King Arthur's crew,
(Thereof came jeer and laugh,)
He, as the mate of Lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff,
Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

Bridal of Triermain.

III. AMATORY PIECES.

TO JESSY.

Lord Byron.

[The following unpublished Stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady, a few months before their separation.]

THERE is a mystic thread of life
 So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
 That Destiny's relentless knife
 At once must sever *both* or *none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes
 Have often gazed with fond delight—
 By day that form their joy supplies,
 And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
 Such thrills of rapture through my breast—
 I would not hear a seraph choir
 Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
 Affection's tale upon the cheek—
 But pallid at one fond farewell,
 Proclaims more love than words can speak—

There is a *lip*, which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before,
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, prest it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;
A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet ;
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*they part* !—ah no
They cannot part—*those souls are one*.

TRUE AFFECTION.

AIR—" *The Little Harvest Rose*."

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within.
Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 Now tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn;
 Then, then is the moment Affection can sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
 Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid their dyes,
 Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
 'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
 That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
 So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
 But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
 To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

DREAMS.

“ Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,
 When absent souls in fancy meet.”

I DREAMT that at even a white mist arose
 Where the hedge-row brambles twist—
 I thought that my love was a sweet wild rose,
 And I the silv'ry mist!
 And sweetly I beaded her pale red charms
 With many a diamond speck;
 And softly I bent up my wat'ry arms,
 And hung round her beautiful neck.

O me! what a heavenly birth:
 I revell'd all night
 Till the moon came bright,
Then sank at her feet down again in the earth.

I dreamt that my love was a sweet wild pea,
 All cover'd with purple bloom,
And I methought was an amorous bee
 That lov'd the rich perfume.
Large draughts of nectar I sat to sip
 On a bean-leaf just below—
I breath'd her breath, and I kist her lip,
 And she was as chaste as snow!
O me! what a beautiful task!
 For there I lay
 Till eve grew grey,
While she in the sun's bright gleam did bask.

Again—I was where the pale moon did line
 The forest with silver bright—
I thought that my love was a wild woodbine,
 And I—a zephyr light:
“Welcome,” said I, “where the bramble weaves
 “Around us a guard of thorns;”
And sweetly I tangled myself in her leaves,
 And *fann'd her red streak'd horns*;
By the music of which we led
 A gay dance about
 Till old night came out
To rock us to sleep in his dusky bed.

FROM THE ARABIC OF TOGRAI.



THOU sleep'st, while the eyes of the planets are watching,
 Regardless of love and of me.
 I sleep, but my dreams at thy lineaments catching
 Present me with nothing but thee.

Thou art chang'd, while the colour of night changes not,
 Like the fading allurements of day ;
 I am chang'd, for all beauty to me seems a blot,
 While the joy of my heart is away.

 LOVE'S LAST LETTER.
Carey.

To _____.



I CANNOT enter Death's dark gloom
 And the lone gliding spectres see,
 That knell me to an early tomb
 Without one tender thought of thee.

Thee, on whose breast in scorn of death
 I could have laid my aching head,
 And caught thy lips' reviving breath
 That could have kept me from the dead.

And were they vain—the vows, the sighs,
 We bade the conscious heavens attest,
 When smiling under kinder skies
 You said I should be truly blest ?

How have the fancied forms of bliss
Misled my steps, beguiled my heart !
They show me now a dark abyss,
And cry, " Prepare with life to part."

Thee too they show me, beauteous maid,
Lov'd, courted, prais'd by happier men—
Oh hide me in Death's murkiest shade,
Lest my eyes meet the sight again :

Lest my fond breast, whose ebbing tide
Should feel the force of love divine,
Still glow with fires unsanctified,
And forfeit mercy's smile for thine.

No hoarded treasures I possessed,
No titled name, no pageantry,
But there was beating in my breast
A heart that could have died for thee.

For thee, for thee alone I prayed,
Thou wert my soul's delighted choice ;
By meek simplicity arrayed
And guided by her artless voice ;

I thought thou wouldst not, love ! have scorn'd
The humble cot which thy dear smile
So sweetly would have long adorn'd,
And cheer'd my hours of anxious toil.

Thou shouldst have been where'er I went
The jewel of my doating breast ;
And when a pang thy bosom rent
I would have sooth'd it, love ! to rest.

Thy lover tho' thy husband I,
And thou the still endearing wife,
No happier pair beneath the sky
E'er pull'd the thornless rose of life.

But fate a dreadful gulph has thrown
Between thee and my sickening heart—
It yawns for me, for hope is flown,
And life is fluttering to depart.

And friends—for here profession ends,—
And all the flowers of speech are gone—
Fictitious flowers, fictitious friends,
That fly the death-bed sad and lone!

O when like these the Graces fly
And Joy has ceas'd her song of glee,
And thus thou lay'st thee down to die,
What will thy heart's emotions be?

Who then, when thoughts thou can'st not shun
Shall all thy broken vows renew,
Will sooth thee as *I* would have done,
And watch as I was wont to do?

But blessed, blessed may'st thou be
When I, alas! am lowly laid;
And may no tender thought of me
Lov'd fair! thy smiling prospects shade.

The flowers we rear'd will bloom as gay,
The walks we lov'd appear as green;
And vernal suns to gild thy way
Shall shine—as if I ne'er had been.

SONG.

Mrs. Opie.

I ONCE rejoic'd, sweet evening gale,
To see thy breath the poplar wave ;
But now it makes my cheek turn pale—
It waves the grass o'er Henry's grave !

Ah ! setting sun ! how chang'd I seem !
Beyond thy rays I love deep gloom,—
Since now, alas ! I see them beam
Upon my Henry's lonely tomb.

Sweet evening gale ! howe'er I seem,
I wish thee o'er my sod to wave ;
Ah ! setting sun ! soon may'st thou beam
On mine, as well as Henry's grave !

THE ROSES.

Two roses, just culled, and yet glistening with dew,
As fair as a garden e'er graced,
Were twined with the breast-knot and ribband of blue,
That bound Anna's delicate waist.
The one, like the bosom it peered from, was white,
The other, in hue was the same
As the cheek of the fair, when the gossip in spite
Hath blabbed out some favourite name.
I gazed on the roses, but quickly bethought
Of an object more lovely to view ;
But still as the fair one my truant eye caught,
To the flowers, as a shield, it withdrew.

But Anna half frowning, her blushing cheek fann'd,
 And strove from my glances to fly;
 As the sensitive plant shuns the touch of the hand,
 Her modesty shrinks from the eye!
 Yet quickly relenting, she said, looking kind,
 As she drew from her bosom the flowers;
 A covetous eye speaks a covetous mind,
 So take them—the roses are yours.
 Scarce pausing to thank her, I snatched them in haste;
 And when to my lips they were pressed,
 I could number each blossom her breath had embraced,
 So fragrant it seemed by the rest.
 You frowned, lovely maid! when I dared to avow,
 That I coveted more than you nam'd;
 And I fear, while you live, and are peerless as now,
 For this fault I shall often be blamed.
 But would you reform the offender you chide,
 O let him not covet in vain!
 The earth holds no treasure he prizes beside,
 And he never would covet again!

FARE THEE WELL.

Lord Byron.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*:
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—

Though my many faults defaced me ;
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a careless wound ?

Yet oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"
Tho' his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken:
Pride, which not a world can bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken;
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Moore.



I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smile had left me too ;
I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light!

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me,
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long, an endless year,
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam,
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,

He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round with fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless star-light, on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering,
 As that light which Heaven sheds.

THE POOR HINDOO.

Mrs. Opie.

Said to have been composed and sung by a Hindustani girl on being separated from the man she loved.—She had lived several years in India with an English gentleman to whom she was tenderly attached; but he, when about to marry, sent his Indian favourite up the country; and, as she was borne along in her palanquin, she was heard to sing the following melody.

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee;
 O then, best-beloved, farewell!
 I forbear, lest I should grieve thee,
 Half my heart-felt pangs to tell.
 Soon a British fair will charm thee,
 Thou her smiles wilt fondly woo;
 But though she to rapture warm thee,
 Don't forget thy Poor Hindoo.

Well I know this happy beauty
 Soon thine envied bride will shine;
 But will she by anxious duty
 Prove a passion warm as mine?
 If to rule be her ambition,
 And her own desires pursue,
 Thou'lt recal my fond submission,
 And regret thy Poor Hindoo.

Born herself to rank and splendour,
 Will she deign to wait on thee,
 And those soft attentions render
 Thou so oft has praised in me ?
 Yet, why doubt her care to please thee ?
 Thou must every heart subdue ;
 I am sure each maid that sees thee
 Loves thee like thy Poor Hindoo.

No, ah ! no !.....though from thee parted,
 Other maids will peace obtain ;
 But thy Lolo, broken-hearted,
 Ne'er, oh ! ne'er, will smile again.
 O how fast from thee they tear me !
 Faster still shall death pursue :
 But 'tis well.....death will endear me,
 And thou'lt mourn thy Poor Hindoo.

THE LOST FOR LOVE.

C. Dibdin.

—o—

ZEPHYR is toying with the rose,
 Whispering love and wooing blisses ;
 Her fluttering leaves her joy disclose,
 Coquetishly curling to zephyr's kisses ;
 Yet zephyr seems jealous the dew, more blest
 Than he, on her redolent leaves should rest ;
 And he ruffles her leaves with his angry breath
 The drop to chase and pursue to death ;

But the dew in the drapery of her leaves
Conceals itself, a sweet death to prove !
Yet envious zephyr, defeated, grieves ;
And the dew drop's lost, and is lost for love.

Zephyr is angry with the rose,
Whose head plays with scorn as he mourns lost blisses ;
When a golden fly whose wings disclose
Many a gem, now courts her kisses ;
And, hovering round, to alight essays
On a gay green leaf, on her charms to gaze ;
But zephyr so angrily fans his wings
That when from the leaf the gay fly springs,
To kiss the flow'r, 'tis his fate to find
A rival resolving his claim to prove,
Whose breath to him is a stormy wind,
And the gay fly's lost, and is lost for love.

Zephyr exulting, round the rose
Wantonly playing, snatches blisses ;
Her reddening leaves her rage disclose,
While ever anon he blows her kisses :
And the rose would the darting sun-beam woo,
Which fades her leaves, exhaling the dew ;
And the rain to woo the rose appears,
Whose wooing the rose repents in tears ;
And zephyr, by fanning, her tears would dry,
And her wet, matted leaves by his curling move ;
But the rude wind drives and zephyr must die—
Lost with the rose, who is lost for love.

There is in female breasts a feeling,
Tho' valour be his deeds revealing,
With all the grace and youth combin'd,
Which guards from soft approach the mind ;

'Tis when, anterior, the fond heart
Has love imbib'd, devoid of art;
And then, if mutual truth it meet,
It loves till life's last pulses beat.

Hence Edith she listen'd, but love took no part,
For with Allan had wander'd her virgin heart.

Let love be sung, 'tis ne'er in vain,
Every ear complying;
Fancy listens to the strain
Till half her breathing's sighing.

For love is so woven in human heart
Its fibres entwine the core;
And love is of life an integral part,
Whose loss no balms restore:

Beat but the drum and the town's in alarm;
The trumpet sound, all, in fancy, arm:
Thus the tale of the battle, the siege, and the storming,
The mind ever seizing, the breast ever warming,
Irresistibly fixes and fires with its story;
And dead is the ear never open to glory.

Thus poets of love and of glory sing
Rapt fancy to draw to the lay;
And if they touch not an according string,
And the soul of the mind to the purpose bring,
'Tis—alas! and a well-a-day!
And alas! and a well-a day for me
May an apt burden, haply be.

I hear the harp as my lay I write,
And the hour is the growing age of night;

When Care is a king, his labour o'er,
And traffic has clos'd his restless door;
When all is watchful, and all is still,
And nature resigns her weary will
To the wandering thought, and the waking dream:
And rest contemplates the taper's beam;
And the senses are wasting with apathy,
The dim eye fix'd on vacuity;
And sleep comes stealing and points the hour:
 Health and peace, to his will resign'd,
Seek the couch, as the bee the flow'r;
 For O! honey-sweet is the balm they find.
But grief and disease his power defy,
No collyrium has he for the wasting eye.
And the muse awakes, for the hour she loves
When the nightingale warbles in lonely groves;
The muse awakes, and the minstrel's strain
Is the cooling balm to her fever'd brain.
I hear the harp, and the cares they flee
When I list to its soothing melody;
For oft my cot from that minstrel's art
Is made the home of a joyful heart.
O, minstrel maid, when thou wak'st the strings
'Tis to me as when peace a love-lay sings;
O! could I tell what those sounds reveal,
How I fancy, and how I feel—
While o'er the strings flying thy fingers strive,
Like rivals in sweetness, all-sensitive,
As if all were th' affections of harmony wooing,
With jealousy every sound pursuing,
Each seeming, when waking a note, to watch
Lest its rival the exquisite tone should catch;
Thro' the strings still appearing to peep at each other,
As if to catch tones from a blissful brother;

Each ever impatient accord to be keeping;
Languishing, gliding, or swelling, or sweeping!
With energy striking, or tremblingly trilling,
Seeming to swoon from their own sweet thrilling;
Yet such sweet emulation the soul's should be
For ever "resolving in harmony;"
And at the *arpeggio's* brilliant play
All seem to be running with joy away,
Like love and gay innocence toying with blisses,
Or the dimpled smiles wooing the dulcet kisses.

O, melody, thou art the heavenly beam
That comes from hope to the heart of woe;
And, O, thou art like the good man's dream,
When with him the minist'ring angels go.
Now, as if thy melody, minstrel maid,
Like the painter's light required deep shade,
The church clock strikes, solemn and slow!
Deep bass to the light, harmonious flow.
O, take it a lesson while in youth's prime;
As must thy measure be rul'd by time,
So time rules all; and, when hearts rejoice,
His guiding hand, or his friendly voice,
Is heard or seen, and they point to, or tell,
By the fading leaf, or the sounding bell,
Of where, sweet minstrel maid shall be,
For ever, for ever, all harmony!

Fair minstrel! how dear are thy strains to me!
Thy day summer's dawning, O, bright may it be;
May thy mind and thy strain vary never;
May the spirits of harmony dwell on thy lay,
Compose thee by night, and inspire thee by day,
And with Amaranth wreath thee for ever!

Young Arthur.

THE SYMPATHY OF LOVE.

Lord Byron.

WE met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd,
She did not speak, and yet replied :
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds ;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire—
I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion—then, even then,
 I long'd, and was resolv'd to speak ;
But on my lips they died again,
 The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour.—There is a game,
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we while away the day ;
It is—I have forgot the name—
And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget :
I reck'd not if I won or lost,
 It was enough for me to be
 So near to her, and oh ! to see
The being whom I loved the most—

I watch'd her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well !)
Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain ; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot.
Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair ;
And on the thought my words broke forth,
All incoherent as they were—
Their eloquence was little worth.
But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice ;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.

I loved, and was beloved again—
They tell me, Sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties ; if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain ;
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am—or rather *was*—a prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed ;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like controul—But to resume :
I loved, and was beloved again ;

In sooth, it is a happy doom,

But yet where happiest ends in pain.—

We met in secret, and the hour

Which led me to that lady's bower

Was fiery Expectation's dower.

My days and nights are nothing—all

Except that hour, which doth recal

In the long lapse from youth to age

No other like itself—I'd give

The Ukraine back again to live

It o'er once more—and be a page,

The happy page, who was the lord

Of one soft heart, and his own sword,

And had no other gem nor wealth

Save nature's gift of youth and health.—

We met in secret—doubly sweet,

Some say, they find it so to meet ;

I know not that—I would have given

My life but to have call'd her mine

In the full view of earth and heaven ;

For I did oft and long repine

That we could only meet by stealth.

For lovers there are many eyes,

And such there were on us ;—the devil

On such occasions should be civil—

The devil !—I'm loth to do him wrong,

It might be some untoward saint,

Who would not be at rest too long,

But to his pious bile gave vent—

But one fair night, some lurking spies

Surprised and seiz'd us both.

The Count was something more than wroth—

I was unarm'd ; but if in steel,
 All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do ?
 'Twas near his castle, far away

From city or from succour near,
 And almost on the break of day ;
 I did not think to see another,

My moments seem'd reduc'd to few ;
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,

And, it may be, a saint or two,
 As I resign'd me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate ;

Theresa's doom I never knew,
 Our lot was henceforth separate.—

An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine ;
 And he had reason good to be,

But he was most enraged lest such
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree.

Mazeppa.

SONG.

Scott.

—o—
 OH, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
 That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
 Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
 For those raptures that still are thine own !

Though April his temples may wreath with the vine,
 Its tendrils in infancy curled,
 'Tis the ardours of August mature us the wine
 Whose life-blood enlivens the world,

Though thy form, that was fashioned as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with extacy move ;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love !

THE PARTING.

Carey.

A-LA-ANACREON.

FILL to the hours of past delight
That fled like thine enamour'd sigh ;
And when the mantling dew is bright,
And when the parting cup is high ;

Drink to me, love ! a fond farewell,
And in soft whispers sighing say,
“ May gentlest breezes swell the sail,
That wafts my lover on his way.”

And I will add, where'er he flies,
May every laughing Pleasure shine,
And Beauty charm his roving eyes,
And clasp him with a love like thine.

Then pour the rosy draught again,
And where the cup still boasts thy kiss,
There let my eager lips retain
The memory of the fleeting bliss.

And as we sigh adieu ! adieu !
Yet still on Rapture's verge delay,
What love may in that moment do
May none but gentlest gods survey !

L'AMOUR.

'Tis said young Love seeks myrtle bowers,
To rest his downy wing;
'Tis said he lives in Summer flowers,
And forms the bliss of Spring.

But where, when wintry gales destroy
The summer's leafy seat,
And chills the woodland notes of joy—
Oh ! where shall Love retreat ?

“ Forbear these plaints,” (young Love replied,
And whisp'ring Echo taught
The sound to every heart that sigh'd,
The tone to every thought.)

“ Deem not, when Spring’s soft zephyrs breathe,
That Love alone has power ;
Or that he lives in Summer wreath,
To die in wintry hour.

“ You’ll find him with the faithful soul,
In palace, cot, or cell ;
You’ll meet him at the Arctic pole ;—
True Love knows no farewell !

He can survive the torrid zone—
Brave Ocean’s bosom too ;
The happiest hearts he calls his own,
And makes his home with you.

“ Then strike the harp, and tune the lay,
And let the fireside cheer ;
Young Love will gild the waning day,
And bless the coming year.”

LOVE.

THERE is a Love that towers o’er time,
That knows no bound of space or clime,
Of nature matchless and sublime,
And such I felt for thee.

Whence were the tears that dimm’d my eye ?
Wherefore the deep and sacred sigh ?
And whence the blush of crimson dye ?
Whene’er I thought on thee.

Mine was a love that speech o'erpast,
And proof to sorrow's bitterest blast;
The hope it cherish'd first and last,
Was ever bent on thee.

Oh ! waste of fondness ! shall the snow
That, high on Hecla's frozen brow,
Feels not the sun's Promethean glow,
Be emblem meet of thee.

Ah, yes ! too late Conviction brings
Home to my soul her piercing stings,
And sickening Hope no longer clings
To aught that looks like thee.

But far more cruel 'tis to find
Thou dost not bear that lofty mind—
That spirit—soaring o'er its kind,
That once seem'd lodg'd in thee.

And as the lingering beams of day
With faint and fainter radiance play,
The enchanted vision sinks away
That owed its spell to thee.

Farewell—for ever from my heart
I bid its worshipp'd idol part;
And wheresoe'er, or *whose* thou art,
'Tis nothing now to me.

THE KEEPSAKE.



OH ! know'st thou why, to distance driven,
 When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
 The simplest gift that moment given,
 Long, long retains a magic power ?

Still, when it meets the musing view,
 Can half the theft of Time retrieve—
 The scenes of former bliss renew,
 And bid each dear idea live ?

It boots not if the pencil'd rose,
 Or sever'd ringlet, meet the eye ;
 Or India's sparkling gems enclose
 The talisman of sympathy !

" Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake !"
 On fancy's ear still breathes the sound ;
 Ne'er time the potent charm shall break,
 Nor loose the spell Affection bound !

 LINES BY * * *.

OH, lady ! I have seen thee often,
 But never knew thee half so fair ;
 I've mark'd the moon thy beauty soften,
 And loved the gilding fashion's glare.

And now, beside this lamp alone,
Why beams that eye so bright to me ;
Why has't not so on others shone,—
Why were they so unbless'd by thee ?

Another's eye as dark as thine
Hath flash'd a soul perhaps as high ;
And others' locks as lovely twine
On brows would sooth as deep a sigh.

As snow-surpassing bosoms heave
With words as sweet and tones as swelling,
As heaven-descended footsteps leave
As warm a heart, as sad a dwelling.

Thee or thine I deem they are not ;
I'm bound to thee, none can unbind ;
For all but for thyself I care not,
Thyself alone—thy self of mind.

Lov'st thou me, loveliest lady ! say ?
Thou dost—thou dost—that blessed tear,
That blush—oh, tell me!—yet delay,
'Tis what I dare not hope to hear.

Yes!—now I know that look of light ;
'Tis love, forgotten be it never ;
It turns to day my life of night ;
Oh live!—oh live!—that look for ever !

TO A LADY.



Oh! lady, in the laughing hours,
When time and joy go hand in hand;
When pleasure strews thy path with flowers,
And but to wish is to command;
When thousands swear that to thy lips
A more than Angel's voice is given,
And that thy jetty eyes eclipse
The bright, the blessed stars of Heaven:

Might it not cast a trembling shade
Across the light of mirth and song,
To think that there is one, sweet maid,
That lov'd thee hopelessly and long,
That loved, yet never told his flame,
Although it burned his soul to madness;
That lov'd, yet never breath'd thy name,
Even in his fondest dreams of gladness.

Though red my coat, yet pale my face,
Alas! 'tis love that made it so,
Thou only can restore its grace,
And bid its wonted blush to glow.
Restore its blush; oh, I am wrong,
For here thine art were all in vain;
My face has ceas'd to blush so long,
I fear it ne'er can blush again!

FANNY OF TIMMOL.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

T. Moore.

SWEET Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
To the close little carriage in which I was hurl'd,
I thought to myself, if it were not a sin,
I could teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

For your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
'Seem'd to know they were born for the use of another;
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
Were eternally biting and kissing each other.

And then you were darting from eyelids so sly,—
Half open, half shutting,—such tremulous light:
Let them say what they will, I could read in your eye
More comical things than I ever shall write.

And oft as we mingled our legs and our feet,
I felt a pulsation, and cannot tell whether
In yours or in mine—but I know it was sweet,
And I think we both felt it and trembled together.

At length when arriv'd, at our supper we sat,
I heard with a sigh, which had something of pain,
That perhaps our last moment of meeting was that,
And Fanny should go back to Timmol again.

Yet I swore not that I was in love with you, Fanny,—
Oh, no! for I felt it could never be true;
I but said what I've said very often to many—
There's few I would rather be kissing than you!

Then first did I learn that you once had believ'd
Some lover, the dearest and falsest of men ;
And so gently you spoke of the youth who deceiv'd,
That I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

But you told me that passion a moment amus'd,
Was follow'd too oft by an age of repenting ;
And check'd me so softly, that while you refus'd,
Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought 'twas consenting.

And still I entreated, and still you denied,
Till I almost was made to believe you sincere ;
Though I found that, in bidding me leave you, you sigh'd,
And when you repuls'd me, 'twas done with a tear.

In vain did I whisper " There's nobody nigh ;"
In vain with the tremors of passion implore ;
Your excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply—
I acknowledg'd them both, and I ask'd for no more.

Was I right ?—oh ! I cannot believe I was wrong.
Poor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again ;
And may Providence guide her uninjured along,
Nor scatter her path with repentance and pain.

By Heav'n ! I would rather for ever forswear
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the peace that is there,
Or banish the dove from so hallowed a nest !

THE CATALOGUE.

T. Moore.

“COME, tell me,” says Rosa, as kissing and kist,
 One day she reclin’d on my breast ;
 “Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
 Of the nymphs you have lov’d and carest,”—
 Oh, Rosa ! ’twas only my fancy that rov’d,
 My heart at the moment was free ;
 But I’ll tell thee, my girl, how many I’ve lov’d,
 And the number shall finish with thee.

My tutor was Kitty ; in infancy wild
 She taught me the way to be blest ;
 She taught me to love her, I lov’d like a child,
 But Kitty could fancy the rest.
 This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
 I have never forgot, I allow ;
 I have had it *by rote* very often before,
 But never *by heart* until now.

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
 But my head was so full of romance,
 That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
 And I was her knight of the lance !
 But Martha was not of this fanciful school, .
 And she laugh’d at her poor little knight ;
 While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
 And I’ll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris’s looks,
 Again I was tempted to rove ;
 But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
 That she gave me more logic than love

So I left this young Sappho, and hastened to fly
 To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
 Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
 And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
 But Susan was piously given;
 And the worst of it was, we could never agree
 On the road that was shortest to Heaven!
 "Oh, Susan!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,
 "What's devotion to thee or to me?
 I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
 And believe that *that* heav'n's in *thee*!"

LOVE.

T. Moore.



To sigh yet feel no pain,
 To weep yet scarce know why,
 To sport an hour with beauty's chain
 Then throw it idly by;—
 To kneel at many a shrine
 Yet lay the heart on none,
 To think all other charms divine
 But those we just have seen:
 This is love, careless love,
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
 Thro' life unchill'd unmov'd,
 To love in wintry age the same
 That first in youth we lov'd;

To feel that we adore,
To such refin'd excess,
That tho' the heart would break with more,
We could not live with less ;
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

CAROLINE.

Campbell.

I'll bid my hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be ;
And sing my true-love, all below
The holly bower, and myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet South Wind shall wander by ;
And, with the music of his wing,
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime !
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay !

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
 Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
 Thou wandering Wind of fairy land ;

For sure from some enchanted isle,
 Where Heav'n and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
 Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould ;

From some green Eden of the deep,
 Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
 Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From some sweet Paradise afar,
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost ;
Where Nature lights her leading star,
 And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh ! gentle gale of Eden bowers,
 If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours,
 In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
 And let the name be Caroline.

TO HELEN.

Horace Twiss.

THOUGH my visions of life are soon to depart,
Yet sigh not, dear Helen ! thus deeply for me :
The ling'ring pulsations that throb in my heart
Are only its fond apprehensions for thee.
Oh ! sad are the perils that compass thy way,
For a season of sorrow and darkness is nigh :—
When the glow-worm appears at the close of the day,
Her lustre betrays her, and dooms her to die.

For me, love ! no sweet wasting odours shall burn,
No marble invoke thee to deck it with flowers ;
My ashes shall rest in a crystalline urn,
And that urn be abroad in the sun and the showers.
It shall lightly be swept by the cool-blowing gale,
When the gay-coloured evening shines cheerfully through ;
Around it the shadows of twilight shall sail,
And the mists of the morning embalm it in dew.

Sweet girl ! may thy relics be laid in that shrine !
For though death, we are told, is unconscious of love,
Yet it soothes me to hope they may mingle with mine,
As our spirits will mingle for ever above.
And if, when the race of our being is run,
Any record remain of the loves that we bore,
Our story shall be, that in life we were one,
And in dying we met to be parted no more.

IV. HUMOROUS AND AMUSING PIECES.



THE WATER FIENDS.

G. Colman, the Younger.



ON a wild Moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood a tenement antique;
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here silence reign'd, with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
Save when the Owl cry'd "whoo! whoo! whoo!"
Or the hoarse Crow croak'd "caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion!—for, 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
Four barbed steeds,—from the Bull's Head,
Carried thy master up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop!—Lords may moan,
Who stake, in London, their estate,
On two, small, rattling, bits of bone:
On *little figure*, or on *great*.

Swift whirl the wheels.—He's gone.—A Rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
Sweet, beauteous blossom!—'twas the Cook

A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand:
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd save only she;—
She by herself had been—if one
Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue,
Was ting'd with health and manly toil!
Cabbage he sow'd; and, when it grew,
He always cut it off, to boil.

Oft would he cry, "Delve, Delve the hole!
"And prune the tree, and trim the root!
"And stick the wig upon the pole,
"To scare the sparrows from the fruit!"

A small, mute favourite, by day,
Follow'd his step; where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah, man! the brute creation see!
Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
While Bobtail in his face would look,
And mark'd his master troll the song,—
“ Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou Cook !”

For thus he sung :—while Cupid smil'd ;—
Pleas'd that the Gard'ner own'd his dart,
Which prun'd his passions, running wild,
And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor! his love return !
True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame:
When Gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds, burn,
A Cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she ;
Tho' pure as Heaven's snowy flake ;
Both lov'd, and tho' a Gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to *rake*.

Cold blows the blast :—the night's obscure ;
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack ;
No star appear'd ;—and all the Moor,
Like ev'ry other Moor,—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat ;
Much did she fear, and much admire
What Thomas Gard'ner could be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin ;
But, ah! no foot is heard to stir :
He comes not, from the garden, in ;
Nor he, nor little bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid! to thee;
Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass!
And what's impossible can't be;
And never, never, comes to pass!

She paces thro' the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door;—the hinges creak;
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
She "Thomas!" cried, with many a sob;
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
Exclaiming, sweetly,—“Bob! Bob! Bob!”

Vain maid! a Gard'ner's corpse 'tis said,
In answers can but ill succeed;
And dogs that hear when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed.

Back thro' the hall she bent her way;
All, all was solitude around!
The candle shed a feeble ray,—
Tho' a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew;
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd;
A certain sign that Fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd,
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—
Her shadow did the maid appal;—
She trembled at her lovely nose,—
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair;—
Three stories high—long, dull, and old,—
As great Lords' stories often are.

All Nature now appear'd to pause :
And “ o'er the one half-world seem'd dead ;”
No “ curtain'd sleep” had she ;——because
She had no curtains to her bed.

List'ning she lay ;—with iron din,
The clock struck *Twelve* ; the door flew wide ;
When Thomas, grimly, glided in,
With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size,
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks ;
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes ;
Pale, pale as turnips, were his cheeks !

Soon as the Spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
“ What would my Thomas ?”—he replied,
“ Oh ! Molly Dumpling ! I am dead.”

“ All in the flower of youth I fell,
“ Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd ;
“ I was not ill—but in a well
“ I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

“ Four fathom deep thy love doth lie ;
 “ His faithful dog his fate doth share ;
 “ We’re Fiends ;—this is not he and I ;
 “ We are not *here*,—for we are *there*.

“ Yes ;—two foul Water-Fiends are we ;
 “ Maid of the Moor ! attend us now !
 “ Thy hour’s at hand ;—we come for thee !”
 The little Fiend-Cur said “ bow-wow !”

“ To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
 “ A Holland sheet a maiden likes :
 “ A sheet of water thou shalt have ;
 “ Such sheets there are in Holland Dykes.”

The Fiends approach ; the Maid did shrink ;
 Swift thro’ the night’s foul air they spin ;
 They took her to the green well’s brink,
 And, with a souse, they plump’d her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
 Maids, to this day, their story tell ;
 And hence the proverb rose, that Truth
 Lies in the bottom of a well.

WALTZING.

At first they move slowly, with caution and grace,
 Like horses when just setting out on a race ;
 For dancers at balls, just like horses at races,
 Must amble a little to show off their paces.

The music plays faster, their raptures begin,
Like lambkins they skip, like tetotums they spin :
Now draperies whirl, and now petticoats fly,
And ancles *at least* are exposed to the eye.

O'er the chalk-covered ball-room in circles they swim ;
He smiles upon *her*, and *she* smiles upon him ;
Her hand on *his* shoulder is tenderly placed,
His arm quite as tenderly circles *her* waist ;
They still bear in mind, as they're turning each other,
The proverb " one good turn's deserving another ;"
And these *bodily turns* often end, it is said,
In turning the lady's or gentleman's *head*.

POSTSCRIPT.

When you talk of this dance, I request it may be,
Not *waltzing*, but *valtzing*, pronounced with a *v*.

TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE.

THRICE red that blossom is, alas !
And thrice red has it been :—
Red in the grape, red in the glass,
Red on thy nose 'tis seen.
Ah Tom, at that red, red, red blot
Thy well-wishers bewail
They say the *redness* of that spot
'Tis makes thy poor wife *pale*.

Thomas the Rhymer.

THE BOOK.



A PORING wight, who, being wed,
Was always reading in his bed,
His wife address'd with gentle look,
And said, "I would I were a book!"
"Why so, good dame?" the sage replied,
"Because you'd love me then," she cried.
"Why, that might be," he straight rejoined,
"But 'twould depend upon the kind—
"An Almanack, for instance, dear,
"To have a new one every year."

THE PIRATE;

THE BALLAD ON WHICH THE POEM OF THE CORSAIR IS
FOUNDED.



A PIRATE once liv'd on an Isle,
And he fed upon cabbage and water,
A grim devil, that never could smile,
But when up to his elbow in slaughter;
He had a fair wife whom he lov'd,
And she lov'd him too, which was stranger,
But the devil a bit was he mov'd
By her fondling to keep out of danger.

One night with his cut-throats he sails,
To terror and pity quite callous,
To surprise a Bashaw with three tails,
And set fire to his fleet and his palace:

But whilst they were fighting and burning,
They heard women squeak in the harem—
A booty they thought it worth earning—
So away from the bonfire they bore 'em.

Says the Bashaw, the gudgeons are caught,
Now, my lads, fall to cutting and thrusting,
So his men faced about and they fought,
And soon gave the rogues a good dusting ;
The men were all slain—but the Chief
Being ta'en, they determined to spit him,
So they plastered the wounds of this thief,
Till they found out a stake that would fit him.

Says he, " 'Tis a bore, but the game
For very high stakes we were playing,
Had I conquer'd I'd serve him the same
So I'll not fall to sniv'ling and praying ;"
To the prison a fair lady came
To see this heroic Commander,
Says she, " I'm the Bashaw's chief Dame,
Whom you sav'd like a brave salamander.

" My husband's a jealous old dog,
Should like to be wife to a Pirate ;
Come kill him, and off let us jog,"—
Says he, " Ma'am, I don't much admire it,
A knife I can't handle, and you—
I can't take you off—I've a wife,
And I'd rather be skewered through and through,
Than breed such a terrible strife."

Says she, " then I'll do it—ne'er mind,"
And was off like a charger to battle,

While he follow'd softly behind,
For fear that his darbies* should rattle;
As merry was she as a grig,
When she'd finish'd the murder so horrid,
But the Pirate star'd like a stuck pig,
When he saw the blood smear'd on her forehead.

She endeavour'd to smirk and to smile,
But the Pirate, all sullen and musing,
Sat gruff as a bear all the while,
The lady's endearments refusing!
Ye wives, when your husbands you kill,
Wash off the appearance of evil,
Since the stain of the blood that ye spill,
With horror could strike such a devil.

Returning, he found that his wife,
Believing him certainly splitted,
For grief had departed this life,
So the Island for ever he quitted.—
Wherever he's gone, he's fair gamé,
'Tis a pity the world shouldn't know it;
Some say, that to England he came,
And set up for a Lord and a Poet.

* Fetters.—Vide Grose's Slang Dict.

TAKING ORDERS.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.



A PARSON once—and poor was he,
As every parson ought to be ;
Yet not so proud—as some from College,
Who fancy they alone have knowledge,
Who only learn to dress and drink,
Presumptuous fools ! and seem to think
That no real talent can be found
Except within their classic ground,
Yet prove that Cam's and Oxon's plains
Can't furnish empty skulls and brains ;
Now for my tale—our Parson came.
And in Religion's honour'd name,
Sought Cam's delightful classic borders,
To be ordain'd for Holy Orders.
Chance led him to the Travellers' Inn,
Where living's cheap—and often whim
Enlivens many a weary soul
Drowning dull sorrow in the bowl !
He there a welcome greeting found
From one who travell'd England round.
“ Sir, your obedient—quite alone ?
I'm truly happy you are come,—
Pray, sir, be seated—business dull,
Or else this room had now been full ;
Orders and cash, are strangers here,
And every thing looks devilish queer ;”
Then added—with the used grimace,
“ Come to take orders in this place ?”

"Yes, Sir, I am," replied the Priest,
 "With that intent I came at least."—
 "Ha, ha! I knew it—business men
 Soon one another learn to ken,—
 Have met before, and know you well,
 Tho' where can't at this moment tell.
 Ah! now I have it—head of mine!
 You travel in the butter line!"

"Begging your pardon, Sir, I fear
 Some error has arisen here,
 You have mista'en my trade divine;
 But, Sir, the worldly loss is mine,
 I travel in a much worse line!"

THE FEMALE DANDY.

TUNE—"The Dandy O!"



LUD! your pardon I entreat,
 Brother Tom is so discreet,
 Yet as petulant as Tristram Shandy, O!
 Why he said the Ladies cheer,
 Wouldn't greet my presence here,
 And for why?—pshaw!—'cause I'm a female Dandy, O!

Ah! how little knew the elf,
 The eternal love of self,
 The sighing, dying, languishing so handy, O!
 I'm envied by the fair,
 By the men I'm counted rare—
 A bewitching, conq'ring, cruel female Dandy, O!

See my bonnet towering high,
Like a Babel to the sky,
With feathers spreading like a Spanish grandee, O!
A love lock o'er each eye,
Makes the beaux to fret and sigh,
And worship and adore the female Dandy, O!

With a waist five feet around,
My mother I astound,
Who thinks, poor soul! thin figure much more handy, O!
But the times they so improve,
Some other stimulus for love,
Must be found by every pretty female Dandy, O!

Then we're flounc'd, ye Gods! look here!
From five to fifteen tier,
Short coats, and rainbow'd ribbons, Lud! how grand hi ho!
With a look so tender—aye!
And the quiz-glass to my eye,—
All the world say I'm a finish'd female Dandy, O!

To give a graceful droop,
Back padded—like a hoop.
I'm curv'd—that I can scarcely stand, d'ye know;
But fashion all adore,
So a ridicule before,
Gives the *ton* to every classic female Dandy, O!

Then of French, two words or so,
“Mon Dieu!” or “entre-nous,”—
Will serve to show my learning's been quite grand, hi ho!
“Pardonnez moi!” say I,
If a Dandy-man I'd fly,
And all to show that I'm a *female* Dandy, O!

But I must take my leave,
 Adieu! your smiles I crave,
 Time's short,—and so my farewell must be handy, O!
 Next year, and not before,
 May I claim your warm encore—
 Which will sooth and bless the *Male* and *Female*
 Dandy, O!

THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

Coleridge.

—o—
 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
 Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
 From a kennel beneath the rock
 She makes answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
 Ever and aye, moonshine or shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.
 The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.

The moon is behind, and at the full,
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray ;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

THE WAGGONER.

Wordsworth.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
The triumph of your late devotion,
Can aught on earth impede delight,
Still mounting to a higher height ;
And higher still—a greedy flight !
Can any low-born care pursue her,
Can any mortal clog come to her ?
No notion have they—not a thought,
That is from joyless regions brought !
And, while they coast the silent lake,
Their inspiration I partake ;
Share their empyreal spirits—yea,
With their enraptured vision, see—
O fancy what a jubilee !
What shifting pictures—clad in gleams
Of colour bright as feverish dreams !
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
Involved and restless all—a scene
Pregnant with mutual exaltation,
Rich change, and multiplied creation !

This sight to me the Muse imparts ;
 And then, what kindness in their hearts !
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking.
 What solemn, vacant, interlacing,
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing !
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,
 And in the excess of amity,
 Says Benjamin, " That Ass of thine,
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine ;
 If he were tether'd to the Waggon,
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging ;
 And we, as brother should with brother,
 Might trudge it alongside each other ! "

Forthwith, obedient to command,
 The horses made a quiet stand ;
 And to the Waggon's skirts were tied
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,
 (The Mastiff not well pleased to be
 So very near such company.)
 This new arrangement made, the Wain
 Through the still night proceeds again :
 No moon hath risen her light to lend ;
 But indistinctly may be kenn'd
 The Vanguard, following close behind,
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind !

" Thy Wife and Child are snug and warm,
 Thy ship will travel without harm ;
 I like," said Ben., " her shape and stature ;
 And this of mine—this bulky creature
 Of which I have the steering—this
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss !

We want your streamers, friend, you know;
 But, altogether, as we go,
 We make a kind of handsome show!
 Among these hills, from first to last,
 We've weather'd many a furious blast;
 Hard passage forcing on, with head
 Against the storm and canvass spread.
 I hate a boaster—but to thee
 Will say't, who know'st both land and sea,
 The unluckiest hulk that sails the brine
 Is hardly worse beset than mine,
 When cross winds on her quarter beat;
 And, fairly lifted from my feet,
 I stagger onward—Heaven knows how—
 But not so pleasantly as now—
 Poor Pilot I, by snows confounded,
 And many a foundrous pit surrounded!
 Yet here we are by night and day,
 Grinding through rough and smooth our way,
 Through foul and fair our task fulfilling;
 And long shall be so yet—God willing;"

"Aye," said the Tar, "through fair and foul—
 But save us from yon screeching Owl!
 That instant was begun a 'fray
 Which call'd their thoughts another way;
 The Mastiff, ill-conditioned carl!
 What must he do but growl and snarl,
 Still more and more dissatisfied
 With the meek comrade at his side?
 Till, not incensed though put to proof,
 The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,
 Salutes the Mastiff on the head;
 And so were better manners bred,
 And all was calmed and quieted.

"Yon Screech-Owl," says the Sailor turning
 Back to his former cause of mourning,
 "Yon Owl!—pray God that all be well!
 'Tis worse than any funeral bell;
 As sure as I've the gift of sight
 We shall be meeting Ghosts to-night!"
 —Said Benjamin, "this whip shall lay
 A thousand if they cross our way.
 I know that Wanton's noisy station,
 I know him and his occupation;
 The jolly Bird hath learned his cheer,
 On the banks of Windermere;
 Where a tribe of them make merry,
 Mocking the Man that keeps the Ferry;
 Hallooing from an open throat,
 Like Travellers shouting for a Boat.
 —The tricks he learned at Windermere
 This vagrant Owl is playing here—
 That is the worst of his employment!
 He's in the height of his enjoyment!"

This explanation still'd the alarm,
 Cured the foreboder like a charm;
 This, and the manner, and the voice,
 Summon'd the sailor to rejoice:
 His heart is up—he fears no evil
 From life or death, from man or devil;
 He wheel'd, and making many stops,
 Brandish'd his crutch against the mountain tops;
 And, while he talk'd of blows and scars,
 Benjamin, among the stars,
 Beheld a dancing, and a glancing,
 Such retreating, and advancing
 As, I ween, was never seen
 In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars!

THE SAILOR'S STORY ;

AN IMITATION OF THE ABOVE.



TOM Hardy was, while but a youth,
The pride and talk of Cockermouth—
Could wrestle, run, or fight or play,
With any of his place or day ;
Tom cared not, tho' his bones were aching
At mischief, or at merry-making ;
He was the first, the leading hand,
In that part of famed Cumberland.
None climb'd the castle's ruined wall,
And none so easily could fall,
If chance, that oft breeds lingering woe,
From turret's height would have it so,
As careless Tom—and none could plunge,
Light and unhurt as any sponge
Into the Derwent, or the Cocker,
Without going straight to Davy's locker,
Except the hero of our story,
Whom you shall see was born for glory.
Tom's native spot indeed lies low,
But 'tis Ambition's pride to grow
Above the obstacles that shroud,
Like hills, its head in murky cloud.
We could in many a simple lay,
Even now most pleasantly pourtray,
The scenes around sweet Cockermouth,
Where poor Tom Hardy spent his youth !

'Tis not the best for feeble livers,
Being situate between two rivers,
The Cocker and the Derwentwater;
But that, perhaps, to you's no matter;
You may, if you have legs like Tom,
Who oft to highest summit "clomb,"
Ascend the lofty mountain's side,
Where Health and rural Peace abide.
On the gay hill that rises near
A stately Castle's towers appear;
Another, with the blue sky even,
Shows a fine Church that points to Heaven.
Though Tom at all things had great readiness,
He wanted piety and steadiness—
It was the worst of Tom, 'twas said,
By those who always love t' upbraid,
He seldom thought it worth his while
To this or other Church to toil;
But on the holy sabbath-day,
By woods and wilds would rather stray,
Paying to the beauties of Creation.
A sort of savage adoration,
Decking his breast or hat with flowers,
From Nature's most untrodden bowers.

These graceless rovings,
And wild lovings,
Those who cared for Tom would say,
Unless the rover,
He gave over,
Would cost him pain another day.

And so it happ'd, for Tom one morning,
His lowly haunts and cottage scorning,

Resolv'd, like those who covet fame,
To see the world and gain a name,
Left Cockermouth—just where it was,
And some how soon contriv'd to pass,
(Tho' pence with Tom were ever few,)
To sea-port town of coal-black hue;
Where, fearless, he became with joy,
A hardy Collier's Cabin Boy.
Reader, if ever thou hast been
In coal ship dark, or ever seen
The stripes, the kicks, the bitter woes
The hapless ship-boy undergoes.
Whom fate, forgetful of his skull,
Has destin'd to a collier's hull,—
Thou'lt have a slight, imperfect notion,
Of what on land, or stormy ocean,
The pitchy imp of whom we're speaking,
Endures full often without squeaking.
This sort of stern and rugged lore,
For many a year our hero bore,
Till, taught in Neptune's hardest school,
Aspiring still to be a freeman,
Tom, patient Tom ! who was no fool ;
Though thus he bore a tyrant's rule
At length became an able seaman.
None more intrepid, or more clever,
Ploughed winding Tyne or Thames's river,
None less would budge, or fore or aft,
To statelier hulks, or humbler craft.
Than Tom—who more than any block
Cared not for fortune's rudest shock.
And well it was, and well it is,
That there are those with soul and phiz,
Accustomed so to varying weather,—
Sunshine or smiles—they care not whether—

That, blow misfortune as she will,
 Her hurricanes o'er wave and hill ;
 Changing the scenes of peaceful life
 To war, or elemental strife,
 'Tis all the same, blest souls ! to them—
 She cannot dissipate their phlëgm—

“ What's in a name ? ” the poet asks,
 And we will just this word reply,

Why if you do not 'ware your flasks,
 That is, my hearties, mind your eye ;

When you a noble spirit have started
 As well as any Roman could,

Brutus or Cæsar, so strong hearted,
 And do not soon get under wood,

You may be borrowed when you're napping,
 In some of the gay bowers of Wapping,
 If fame says you are worth kidnapping.

Tom had a sweetheart at the Rose,
 Where many a jolly sailor goes ;
 Her name was neither Nell nor Polly,
 But she was foe to Melancholy ;
 I think they call'd her buxom Betty,
 And all who saw her thought her pretty.

One evening rather late returning
 To ship, with love and liquor burning,

Our happy tar, whose ears the while,
 With nought but sounds of rapture rang,

Thinking on buxom Betty's smile,
 Suddenly met a rude press-gang,

Who, spite of Tom's skill pugilistic,
 Useless speed, or heavy blows,

By manœuvres strong and mystic,
 That o'ercome the science fistic—

Carried Tom far from the Rose,

For, it seems in this odd matter,
The more you fight you're lov'd the better.

Now see on board the clumsy Tender,
Falsely named, for hard is she,
The unblest'd ship, which, Heaven mend her!
Can no more now go to sea
The emblem of captivity;
Now see on board this human prison,
Tom Hardy borne—and stowed
Amidst a motley crowd,
Vociferous and loud,
Of beings that appear,
Though blest with jolly cheer,
From nether world risen.

They might have spared their gibes, for some,
Soon found no chicken-heart in Tom,
And 'twas not long ere he was shipped,
In Britain's stainless garb equipped,
To a more honourable berth,
Not, it is true, the first on earth,
But on the water first in glory.
To the bold Vanguard, famed in story,
O'er which the flag of Nelson waved,
And every glorious danger braved.

The Battered Tar.

A LYRIC EPISTLE.

To Pug, the favourite Monkey of his Excellency Sir William Trelawney,
formerly Governor of Jamaica.

BY DR. JOHN WOLCOT, OLIM PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Not included in his Works.

O BLEST by his auspicious smile
Who rules and lives in royal style,
With envy I have view'd thy happy fate;
Have seen thee play thy comic tricks,
Producing laugh, instead of licks,
From him who governs us in lofty state.

Like Pupils in St. Giles's bred,
Pickpocketry their easy trade,
Not the most honourable trade, of course,
Unpunish'd, I have seen thee snatch,
With much dexterity, his watch,
And gallop from the presence with his purse.

At dinner, with an easy grace,
Thou at the table claim'st a place,
Next to his Excellency, cheek by jole,
Who talks familiar more to thee
Than to his Brother Tom or me,
Or e'en his pious Chaplain, Parson Cole.

If e'er thy dainty tooth it suit
To munch the table's choicest fruit,
To thy alforches it is sure to pass;
Or if thy dainty lips incline
To drink his Excellency's wine,
Thou gulp'st it down, and fling'st away the glass.

I've seen thee seize an orange rind,
Or what thy nimble paws could find,
And hurl it at the head of our great Lord :
Had I, attempting thus to please,
Presum'd on liberties like these,
What were my fate?—Why, banish'd bed and board.

I've seen thee with thy wanton tail
The glasses wickedly assail,
Then from the table hopping, chatt'ring run,
What said the Governor to this ?
Lord ! laughing, taking nought amiss,
“ Our little rascal will enjoy his fun.”

The dogs are both at thy command,
Sancho and Dash obedient stand,
To ope their jaws in anger not once daring :
To take thee on their back to ride
Around the royal rooms with pride,
Or midst the garden walks by way of airing.

Thine imitations, Pug, of men,
By scrawling paper with a pen,
Putting on spectacles and wig and hat,
Afford our Governor delight,
When too, in spite of squall and bite
Thou tak'st a Barber off and shav'st a Cat.

Pug, 'tis thine interest I desire,
To warm me and the Muse inspire,
And such, indeed, thy fascinating power,
That could'st thou speak (avaunt all fibs)
No better e'en than Vick'ry Gibbs,
My fortune might be made in half an hour.

The Secretary's place, dear Pug,
Now void, were comfortably snug ;
 My only wish, ah! could I that obtain,
Made happy, I should then forbear
To curse my stars that sent me here,
 And sigh "God send me to old Towey again."

TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF GIPSIES.

AN IMITATIVE SONNET.

—o—

GIPSIES! there's something in your life and looks,
That prompts and pleases the poetic mind :
O'er Nature's landscape, mountain, lawn, and brooks,
 Ye rove, by no unsocial laws confined ;
And when in toil the rest of human kind
 Are labouring for their bread like galley slave,
Ye rest and shelter in the sunny nooks,
 Where at small price the fruits of earth ye have
For oft when Night her murky shadow flings
 O'er field and fold, and eyes of husbandman,
Ye steal potatoes, sheep and other things,
 That come within your reach, to feed your clan,
And stop the mouth of swarthy imp that squalls,
Peeping with owlet eyes from forth your tented walls.

ISAAC SHOVE.

G. Colman, the Younger.

CENTRIC, in London noise, and London follies,
Proud Covent Garden blooms, in smoky glory ;
For chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages and comedians fam'd in story!

On this gay spot, (upon a sober plan,)
Dwelt a right regular, and staid young man ;—
Much did he early hours and quiet love ;
And was entitled Mr. Isaac Shove.

An orphan he ;—yet rich in expectations,
(Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant)
From that prodigious *bore* of all relations,
A fusty, canting, stiff-rump'd Maiden Aunt :
The wealthy Miss Lucretia Cloghorthy,—
Who had brought Isaac up, and *own'd* to forty.

Shove on this maiden's will relied securely ;
Who vow'd she ne'er would wed to mar his riches ;
Full often would she say of men demurely,—
“ I can't abide the filthy things in breeches !”

He had apartments up two pair of stairs ;
On the first floor lodg'd Doctor Crow ;—
The landlord was a torturer of hairs,
And made a grand display of wigs, below ;
From the beau's Brutus, to the parson's grizzle ;—
Over the door-way was his name,—'twas Twizzle.

Now you must know,

This Doctor Crow

Was not of Law, nor Music, nor Divinity ;—

He was *obstetrick* ;—but the fact is,

He did not in Lucina's *turnpike* practise ;

He took *bye-roads*,—reducing ladies' shapes

Who had secur'd themselves from leading apes,

But kept the reputation of virginity.

Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,

Enclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde Park corner,

Fir trees, and yews, were planted round it thick ;—

No situation was *forlorn* !*

Yet, notwithstanding folks might scout it,

It suited qualmish spinsters, who fell sick,

And didn't wish the world to know about it.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,

Pro tempore,—full tender of her fame!

Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town ;—

" Business, forsooth ! to Yorkshire call'd her down,

Too weighty to be settled by Attorney !"

And, in a month's, or six week's time, came back !

When every body cried, " Good lack !

How monstrous *thin* you've grown upon your journey !"

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of scandal,

Would blow his private trade to tatters,

Dreaded to give the smallest handle

To those who dabble in their neighbours' matters ;

Therefore, he wisely held it good

To hide his practice from the neighbourhood,

* This seems to be a *new comparative* ; for which the author takes to himself due credit ;—Novelty being scarce in poetical compositions.

And not appear, there, as a resident;
But merely one who, casually, went
To see the lodgers in the large brick house;—
To lounge, and chat, not minding time a souse;—
Like one to whom all business was quite foreign :—
And thus he visited his female sick ;

Who lay as thick,
Within his tenement of brick,
As rabbits in a warren.

He lodg'd in Covent Garden all the while,
And, if they sent, in haste, for his assistance,
He soon was with 'em;—'twas no mighty distance;—
From the town's end it was but a bare mile.

Now Isaac Shove
Living above
This Doctor Crow,
And knowing Barber Twizzle liv'd below,
Thought it might be as well,
Hearing so many knocks, single and double,
To buy, at his own cost, a street door bell,
And save confusion, in the house, and trouble ;

Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
To ring for him at once ;—and not to knock for Crow,—
Nor Twizzle.

Besides he now began to feel
The want of it was rather ungentleel ;
For he had, often, thought it a disgrace
To hear, while sitting in his room above,
Twizzle's shrill maid, on the first landing-place,
Screaming, “ a man below vants Mister Shove ! ”

The bell was bought; the wire was made to steal
Round the dark stair-case, like a tortur'd eel,—

Twisting and twining;

The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post grac'd.

And, just beneath, a brazen plate was plac'd,

Lacquered and shining;—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,

And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear:

And, furthermore, which you might read right well,

Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half-past ten—precisely to a second—

Shove, every night, his supper ended;

And sipp'd his glass of negus, till he reckon'd,

By his stop-watch, exactly, one more quarter;

Then, as exactly, he untied one garter;—

A token 'twas that he for bed intended:

Yet having, still, a quarter good before him,

He leisurely undress'd before the fire;

Contriving, as the quarter did expire,

To be as naked as his mother bore him;

Bating his shirt, and night-cap on his head,—

Then as the watchman bawl'd eleven,

He had one foot in bed,

More certainly than cuckolds go to Heaven.

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,

Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!

But there are swilling wights in London town,
Term'd—Jolly Dogs,—Choice Spirits,—*alias* Swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who, Life's pleasures, thus, outrun,
Dozing, with head-aches, till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of Sun,
By borrowing, too largely, of the Moon.

One of this kidney—Toby Tossplot hight—
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:

And being *Bacchi plenus*—full of wine—
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine,
He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming thro' a cork ;
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,
A Fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate ;

When reading, " Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
" Ring it !"—says Toby—" very well ;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.

He waited full two minutes ; no one came ;

He waited full two minutes more ; and then—

Says Toby, “ if he’s deaf, I’m not to blame ;

I’ll pull it for the gentleman again.”

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright,

Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,

Sat on his head’s *Antipodes*, in bed,—

Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length he, wisely, to himself did say—

Calming his fears—

“ Tush !—’tis some fool has rung, and run away ;”

When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jump’d into the middle of the floor,

And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr’d,

He groped down stairs, and opened the street door,

While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac ey’d Toby, fearfully askant,—

And saw he was a strapper,—stout, and tall ;

Then, put this question—“ Pray, Sir, what d’ye want ?”

Says Toby, “ I want nothing, Sir, at all.”

“ Want nothing !—Sir, you’ve pull’d my bell, I vow,

As if you’d jerk it off the wire !”

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—

“ I pull’d it, Sir, at your desire.”

“ At mine !”—“ Yes, yours—I hope I’ve done it well !

High time for bed, sir, I was hastening to it ;

But if you write up *please to ring the bell*,

Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

Isaac, now waxing wroth apace,
Slamm'd the street door in Toby's face,
 With all his might ;
And Toby, as he shut it, swore
He was a dirty son of—something more
 Than delicacy suffers me to write :

And, lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,
 So long, and loud, it might have raised the dead ;
Twizzle declares his house sustain'd a shock,
 Enough to shake his lodgers out of bed.

Toby, his rage thus vented in the rap,
Went serpentine home, to take his nap.

'Tis now high time to let you know
That the obstetrick Doctor Crow
Awoke in the beginning of this matter,
By Toby's *tintinabulary* clatter :

And, knowing, that the bell belong'd to Shove,
He listen'd in his bed, but did not move ;

He only did apostrophize,—
 Sending to hell
 Shove and his bell,
That wouldn't let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thundering knock—says he,
“ That's certainly a messenger for me ;—
 Somebody ill, in the Brick House, no doubt ; ”
Then mutter'd, hurrying on his dressing gown,
“ I wish my ladies, out of town,
 Chose more convenient times for crying out ! ”

Crow, in the dark, now, reach'd the stair-case head ;
Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.

A combination of ideas flocking,
Upon the pericranium of Crow,—
Occasion'd by the hasty knocking,
Succeeded by a foot he heard below,—

He did, as many folks are apt to do,
Who argue in the dark, and in confusion,
That is, from the Hypothesis, he drew
A false conclusion;

Concluding Shove to be a person sent,
With an express, from the brick tenement ;
Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
Had, civilly, let in, and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had, long time, kept
His character, for patience, very laudibly,
He couldn't help, at every step he stepp'd,
Grunting, and grumbling, in his gizzard, audibly.

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
Not only were considerably hurt,
But his corporeal, also—

Having no other clothing than a shirt;—
A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and airy,
It being then a frost in January.

When Shove was deep down stairs, the Doctor heard
(Being much nearer the stair top,)
Just here and there, a random word,
Of the soliloquies that Shove let drop;—

But, shortly, by progression, brought
To contact nearer,
The Doctor, consequently, heard him clearer—
And then the fag-end of this sentence caught ;

Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd ;—
“ Damn Twizzle's house ! and damn the Bell !
And damn the fool who rang it !—Well,
From all such plagues I'll quickly be delivered.”

“ What?—quickly be delivered !” echoes Crow :—
“ Who is it ?—Come, be sharp ;—reply, reply ;
Who wants to be deliver'd ? let me know.”
Recovering his surprise, Shove answered, “ I.”

“ *You be deliver'd !*” —says the Doctor—“ 'Sblood !”
Hearing a man's gruff voice—“ You lout ! you lob !
You be deliver'd !—Come, that's very good !”
Says Shove, “ I will, so help me Bob !”

“ Fellow,” cried Crow, “ you're drunk with filthy beer !
A drunkard, fellow, is a brute's next neighbour ;—
But Miss Cloghorty's time was very near,
And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour.”

“ Zounds !” bellows Shove, with rage and wonder wild,
Why then, my *maiden* aunt is *big with child* !”

Here was, at once, a sad discovery made !

Lucretia's frolick, now, was past a joke ;—
Shove trembled for his fortune, Crow, his trade,
Both, both saw ruin—by one fatal stroke ;

But, with his Aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
She hush'd the matter up, by speaking thus ;

“Sweet Isaac!” said Lucretia, spare my fame!—
 Tho’ for my babe I feel as should a mother,
 Your fortune will continue much the same;
 For—keep the secret—you’re his *Elder Brother!*”

THE TRAVELLER.

Booth.

—o—

AT the close of the day, when the journey is o’er,
 And the host’s venal welcome the strangers obtain,
 When the loud voice of riot is heard at each door,
 And nothing without but the wind and the rain;
 ’Twas then, at an Inn, from his mistress afar,
 A Traveller, in moral struck mood thus began,
 Alternate with Nature and Virtue at war,
 He thought as a sage, whilst he felt as a man.

“Ah! why are those accents expressive of woe?
 Why, thus, does the Bar-Maid now chaunt a sad strain?
 For each moon as it rolls shall a lover bestow,
 And her bosom shall beat with—no throbbings of pain!
 Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay!
 Does a friend, love’s sad victim! thus cause thee to
 mourn?
 Ah, trust not to charms which with years pass away;
 Full swiftly they pass, but they never return!

“Now pouting her red lips, and glancing a frown,
 The chamber-maid hastily passes me by;
 But lately she smil’d, and I thought her my own,
 So loving the lustre that beam’d from her eye;

Pass on, pretty maid, for I will not pursue,
The pathway of Virtue will lead thee to joy;
But honour, once faded, no change can renew;—
Ah! trust not the flatterer, who smiles to destroy!

“ 'Tis night, and the votaries of love blush no more.
I mourn,—yes, ye frail ones! my mourning's for you,
No patches nor paint your lost charms can restore,
When the sweet blush of Modesty bids you adieu.
Yet, 'tis not for the ravage of Time that I mourn,
Though Beauty's soft dimples your care cannot save,
I weep for the stigma that's stamp'd on your urn,
And blights the young blossoms that bud on your grave.

“ In youth, by the glare of false passions betrayed,
That lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me and sorrow behind;
But, dearest Maria! my follies are o'er,
How vile were the heart that could wander from thee!
Remorse with her scorpions shall lash me no more,
Since Beauty and Virtue have bade me be free.

“ And now, ye frail Females, by love led astray,
When ye shrink from derision, dejected, forlorn,
No more shall your curses bedarken my day,
Nor taint, with my name, the bright dew-drops of morn.
Soft sympathy whispers, your sorrows are ending;
That the spoiler will shudder while blasting your bloom,
That slander will pause o'er the bosom that's rending,
And tears of compassion be shed o'er your tomb.

SATURDAY.



IN glowing terms I would this day indite—
 Its morn, its noon, its afternoon, and night ;
 The busiest day throughout the week: the latter day :
 A day whereon odd matters are made even ;
 The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven ;
 The scouring pail, pan, plate, and platter day !
 A day of general note and notability ;
 A plague to gentlefolks
 And prime gentility,
 E'en to the highest ranks—Nobility !
 And yet a day (barring all jokes)
 Of great utility,
 Both to the rich as well as the Mobility !
 A day of din—of clack—a clatter day ;
 For all, howe'er they mince the matter, say
 This day they dread ;
 A day with hippish, feverish, frenzy fed,
 Is that grand day of fuss and bustle—Saturday !

DULCE DOMUM.



SAYS Mrs. Gad, " I do declare
 This living suits me to a hair ;
 At home to me is such delight,
Abroad I'm always every night."

"Well now," says Mrs. Homely, "I
Am just like you, or very nigh,
For I am so *domestical*,
I never am *at home* at all.

"Indeed, my little snug abode
Could never bear this strange inroad;
And, viewing well the monstrous rout,
To be *at home*, I must go *out*."

THE NIGHT-CAP.

Supposed to be written by Mr. T. Moore.

Juvat renovare dolores!

I HAD a comfortable friend,
Warm still, whatever might hap—
Defence of my sublimer end—
Alas! my woollen Night-cap!

Red, red its blushing honours rose,
Trim'd with a snowy white flap—
Ye Muses! tell the Poet's woes
At losing of his Night-cap!

All night, while dreams of Sylvia fired,
Around my brow he'd tight wrap;
All day, he'd foster thought inspired,
In place of wig—oh! Night-cap!

But, even Crown of Potentate
Is knocked off with a slight tap—
Nap, Jerry, Joe, lost theirs—and Fate
Has ta'en away my Night-cap !

A Mouse there came, so sly, he knew
Audacious what was quite trap—
He came, and, through a cranny drew
My unresisting Night-cap !

What darkling Witch, by muttered rhyme,
Sleep on my senses might clap !
For 'twas " the very witching time
Of night " he stole my Night-cap !

Had ye, ye Sylphs, no charm in store—
No sneeze, to break a slight nap ?
Or could not else my deep'ning snore
Have sav'd my friend, my Night-cap ?

Could he not eat those volumes wise ?
Could it not please to bite map ?
Could not Mercator's Chart suffice !
Oh ! nothing—but the Night-cap !

Come Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
And Blucher, too, thou bright chap !
Come, help me slay the knowing one,
Who munches at my Night-cap !

Then, like they do at Carlton House,
I'll on your shoulder, Knight, rap—
And make an Order of the Mouse,
Surmounted by the Night-cap !

Aix-la-Chapelle doth Arthur hold,
And Blucher's pipe is light, hap—
Then must my dear revenge grow cold,
And head—without a Night-cap!

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The window's gothic frame-work falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and pass'd away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
The cunning hand must be,
That carv'd this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn, and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part,
In mimicking the chisel's art.

—In days of yore (as now we call)
When the first James was king;
The courtly knight from yonder hall,
Hither his train did bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broider'd suit and buckled shoe,

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt;
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

—Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretch'd together, are expressed
He and my lady fair;
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long visag'd, clad in armour, he,
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth, in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew ;
And in the same succession go,
To occupy the vault below.

And now, the polish'd, modern squire,
And his gay train appear ;
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season, every year,
And fill the seats with bell and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow sounding floor,
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive, to silent rest,
Another, and another guest.

The feather'd hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate ;
—Brought many a distant county through,
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads ;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

MANSLAUGHTER.

'Twas somewhere on the Sussex shore,
 A hundred years ago or more,
 It might be Westham, Pevensey, or Bourn;
 Yet God forbid my muse should lie,
 I know not which it was, not I,
 'Twas some place where the quality sojourn.

No matter then the name o'th' place,
 Perhaps 'twould prove a wild-goose chase,
 In search o'th' truth to either town to ride;
 The story's good, let that suffice,
 You need not be so over nice.
 I swear the actors are not much belied.

A prisoner, long in dungeon vile,
 In that damned place yclep'd the jail,
 Had lain for stealing Old 'Squire Quorum's brogues;
 A worthy magistrate was he,
 As any in those parts you'd see,
 The terror of all Breeches-stealing rogues.

Anon the day of trial comes,
 Their worshipfuls were on their bums,
 And all the Court in silence sat;
 The Jury sworn, the culprit brought
 To know if he could offer aught
 In mitigation of what he'd been at.

But he, poor wretch, had nought to say,
'Twas not his speechifying day,
He did but plead not guilty of the sin ;
And now the Jury were sent out,
To know if there remained a doubt
With any one,—what verdict to bring in.

Now 'tis much doubted in this nation,
If men born free of corporation,
Are any wiser than we common hogs ;
But I ne'er doubted 'bout the case,
For men who always are in place
Are keen of sense, oh ! wond'rous witty dogs.

The Brogues were new, so was the crime,
No theft like this at any time,
Had e'er within the town detected been ;
The foreman hemm'd, but nothing said,
Each worthy juror shook his head,
Not e'en a smile throughout the group was seen.

Now closely shut within their room,
They ponder'd on the pris'ner's doom,
But could not all in one opinion meet,
Some thought 'twas wilful murder quite,
Some swore 'twas ravishment outright ;
But all declared the crime was wondrous great.

And now the foreman's brows unbend,
Soon all their troublings had an end ;
His wisdom hit the right nail on the head ;
MANSLAUGHTER is the crime ! he cried ;
"It is Manslaughter !" each replied,
And into court they speedily were led.

Where mister foreman, after three low bows,
 Gives in their verdict, and the Court allows;
 And in the records of that Court, no doubt,
 The ground-work of my tale may be trac'd out.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF HAPPINESS.

ONE day a sage knock'd at a chemist's door,
 Bringing a curious compound to explore.—
 'Behold,' said he, as from his breast he drew it,
 'This little treasure in a golden cruet:
 A life, a long one, for my locks are grey,
 In ceaseless toil has slowly pass'd away,
 To gain that treasure, now my search must stop,
 And see, I have but sav'd this little drop!
 To know the worth and nature of the prize,
 I bring it here for you to analyze.
 The best philosopher could never quite
 Its origin and essence bring to light;
 But you, they say, by some mysterious arts,
 Reduce all substances to simple parts;
 —Your nomenclature differs, sir, from his,
 We call it happiness,—and here it is.'

And now the learned chemist strove to guess
 With what this curious stuff would coalesce;
 First sprinkled on a layer of golden dust,
 But this recoil'd, and seem'd to gender rust;

Now sundry essences in turn applies,
Distill'd from all that golden dust supplies.
—Castles and villas, titles, vassals, land,
Coaches and curricles, and fours-in-hand;
Silks, jewels, equipages, parties, plays,
Madeira, venison, turtle-soup, and praise;—
But strove in vain a union to produce
With one of these, and that small drop of juice;
As though impatient of the vain essay,
It did but effervesce and fume away.

With more success the chemist next imparts
Extracts from the belles lettres and the arts.
No sooner do they reach it, than he sees
It has some small affinity with these;
But yet, his nicest skill could not prevent
A large residuum of discontent.

Two curious phials next he brings to view,
The first bright green, the next of roseate hue:
And first unstopp'd them with the greatest care,
For when expos'd to atmospheric air,
They frequently evaporate, and vain
All efforts then to bottle them again.
Essence of friendship from the former flows;
And though the drop it did not decompose,
The chemist said, it rather seem'd to fix,
Or float upon the surface, than to mix.

Long from the next a trembling drop suspends,
—That roseate phial—and at last descends;
'Ah,' cried the chemist, with reviving glee,
'A perfect coalition here I see !'

Distill'd from love this gentle fluid came;—
And then he told the sage its Latin name;
Then look'd again, to watch the process on,
But found, alas! the sage's prize was gone!
The sudden contact caus'd a heat extreme
It could not brook, so pass'd away in steam.
Alone the essence pale and wat'ry lay;—
The sage demands his treasure with dismay;
They search the cruets, and behold it hid,
At last, in pearly drops upon the lid.

Though foil'd, the patient chemist will not stop,
But aiming still to decompose the drop,
A potent acid cautiously applies,
And straight it separates in wondrous wise.
For, first appears at bottom of the phial,
A large precipitate of self-denial;
Of patience next, a copious layer is laid,
Of conscience, twenty scruples nicely weigh'd;
Humility and charity, they find
With half a dram of self-esteem combin'd;
Labour, attach'd to energy of soul,
And moderation to correct the whole;
Feeling and taste in airy gas unite,
And knowledge rises in a flame of light.

THE LADY OF THE WRECK; OR, CASTLE
BLARNEYGIG.*G. Colman the Younger.*

HARP of the PATS! that rotting long has lain
On the soft bosom of St. Allan's bog,
And, when the wind had fits, would'st twang a strain,
Till envious mud did all thy music clog,
E'en just as too much pudding chokes a dog;—
Oh! Paddy's Harp! still sleeps thine accent's pride?
Will nobody be giving it a jog?
Still must thou silent be, as when espied
Upon an Irish, old, old halfpenny's back side?

Not thus, when Erin wore a wilder shape,
Thy voice was speechless in an Irish town:
It roused the hopeless Lover to a rape,
Made timorous tenants knock proud landlords down;
Whisky, at every pause, the feast did crown;—
Now, by the powers! the fun was never slack;
The *O*s and *Mac*s were frisky as the clown;
For, still, the burthen (growing now a hack)
Was hubbahoo, dear joys! and didderoo! and whack!

Och! wake again! arrah, get up once more!
And let me venture just to take a thrum:—
Wake, and be damn'd! you've had a titish snore!—
Perhaps, I'd better let you lie there, dumb;
Yet, if one ballad-monger like my strain,
Though I've a clumsy finger and a thumb,

I shan't have jingled minstrelsy in vain ;
So, Wizard, be alive ! old Witch, get up again !

The Pig, at eve, was lank, and faint,
Where Patrick is the Patron Saint,
And with his peasant Lord, unfed,
Went grunting to their common bed :
But when black Night her sables threw
Athwart the slough of Ballyloo,
The deep-mouth'd thunder's angry roar
Rebellow'd on the Ulster shore,
And hailstones pelted, mighty big,
The towers of Castle Blarneygig.

Aloft, where erst, tyrannic Fear
Placed lynx-eyed Vigilance to peer,
And listen, in the dunnest dark,
Whether a feudal cur should bark,
Drunk, deaf, and purblind, in the din,
Dozed the old Warder, Rory Flinn.
Before the antique hall's turf fire,
Was stretch'd the Porter, Con Macguire,
Who, at stout Usquebagh's command,
Snored with his poker in his hand.
Kathlane, who very ill could dish
While Ballyshannon's springy fish,
And Sheelah, who had lately come
To spider-brush, from Blunderdrum,
Were dreaming in a stol'n embrace,
With Roger Moyle, and Redmond Scrace :
And all the vassals senseless lay
Drown'd in the whisky of the day.—
Still rag'd the storm ;—still, records run,
All slept in Blarneygig, save one,

Lord of the Castle, and Domain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane.

He heard, or thought he heard, a sound
Pierce through a hurly-burly round ;
A shriek—a yell—he knew not what—
So from his night-couch up he got ;
Then through a peep-hole popt his head,
And thus Sir Tooleywhagg he said ;
Standing the while, though something loth,
In a short shirt of Irish cloth.

“Spake out,” he cried, “ whose voice is that,
Shrill as a Tom Balruddery Cat ?
Come you a Fairy good or ill,
My bullocks to presarve or kill ?
Or only does a Banshee prowls,
For somebody's departing soul ?
Haply you lurk, from foeman nigh,
My sea-side castle's strength to spy,
Who, on the morrow may think fit
To bother Blarneygig a bit :
Och ! if the latter,—soon as light
Peeps over Murroughlaughlin's height,
My Kernes, and Gallowglasses, here,
Will shew you sport, with sparthe and spear ;
And, sallying on my spalpeen foe,
Shout—Forroch ! Forroch ! Bugg-abo !”

Scarce had he said, when lightning play'd
Full on the features of a maid,
Who, in the elemental shock,
Stuck, like a limpet, to the rock.

Rear'd o'er the surface of the flood,
Her pallid cheek, her lip's life-blood,
The blended colours seem'd to show
Of pearl, and coral, from below.
Save that her dank dishevell'd hair
Half hid her breast, her breast was bare;
What could be seen, look'd firm and white,
As the rude rock she held so tight:
Bare too was all her beauteous form,
Stript by the unrelenting storm!
But, half in sea, and half on shore,
A liquid petticoat she wore;
And, as the undulating surge
Did, to and fro, it's fury urge,
Just now and then, it left the tips
Expos'd of two round polish'd hips;
All downward else, her blush to save,
Lay cover'd by the wanton wave:—
But oh! her voice, from out the main,
Seem'd sweeter than a Syren's strain;
And while below the cliff she clung,
Thus to Sir Tooleywhagg she sung.

“What linen so fine as the Bride has put on,
What torch is her chamber bright'ning?
The Bride is adrift, in a salt-water shift,
And her candles are flashes of lightning.

“Oh! Thady Rann! the Isle of Man
I left and sail'd for you;
I am very ill luck'd all night to be duck'd,
For keeping my promise true!

“ O! Thady, your Bride cannot sleep by your side,
Go to bed to another lady!—
I must lie in the dark, with a whale or a shark,
Instead of my darling Thady.”

She paused,—for to the rock rush'd in
A booming wave, above her chin;—
Which, haply, work'd her body's good,
For wholesome flows the briny flood,
And if the mouth a pint have caught,
A fine aperient 'tis thought.
Sir Tooleywhagg, who heard the pause,
Was little conscious of the cause;
For now, pitch-dark was all the shore,
And much he wish'd for an encore,
Soon did the duck'd, recovering Fair,
In varied strains, renew her air;
Renew'd it, much in hopes to gain
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane:
For when he first put out his head,
Grac'd with a night-cap, dyed in red,
Fire, that fore-runs the thunder-clap,
Blaz'd on him, redder than his cap.
'Twas then she mark'd his face and mien,
Plain, through his peep-hole, to be seen;
His eagle eye's commanding glance,
His shoulder's broad, superb, expanse,
His strong, uncover'd, ample chest
That look'd like so much brawn undrest;
All that in days of chivalry,
Fair Ladies wished their Knights to be!—
She mark'd—and murmur'd, sighing deep,
While through his hole he crouch'd to peep,

“ If stooping, with such charms bedeckt,
Gods ! what a man when he's erect !
Yea, on a modest maiden's word,
This, this must be the Castle's Lord.”

Well, too, she mark'd with anxious eyes,
A Bucket of capacious size,
Suspended o'er the craggy beach,
And close within the Chieftain's reach ;
With many a roll of cord, to be
Let down, at pleasure, to the sea ;—
Which for the Castle's use was made,
Whene'er it suffer'd a blockade ;
To draw up succours from the strand,
When the besieger press'd on land :
And thus, her plaint she warbled strong,
In all the euphony of song :

“ Chieftain ! if thou canst at all
For a shipwreck'd Lady angle,
Clew me up thy Castle wall ;
Near thee doth a Bucket dangle.

“ Chieftain ! leave me not to drown ;
Save a Maid without a smicket !
If the Bucket come not down,
Soon shall I be doom'd to kick it.

“ Quick, oh ! quick unwind the rope !
If thou answer'st to my hope,
Then, on thee when Fate is frowning,
May a rope prevent thy drowning !”

Ye sons of Erin ! well 'tis known,
Your nature to the sex is prone.
South from Lough Swilly, to Tramore,
From Kilcock to Knockealy's shore,
Can ye resist, throughout your Isle,
A Woman's tear,—a Woman's smile ?
And when did Beauty pour in vain
Her plaint to an O'Shaughnashane ?
When did a Maid, without a rag,
Fail to affect a Tooleywhagg ?
Harsh creek'd the rope in its descent,
And waggling down the Bucket went ;
With fresh provision to be fraught,
Fresher than ever yet it brought !
It reach'd the rock ;—with eager hope,
The sea-drench'd fair one caught the rope ;
She sprang, the Bucket's mouth to win,
And, light as gossamer, leapt in !

Gaily the Chieftain plied his arms,
Winding his welcome load of charms ;
At every twist the dizzied Fair
Rose, vacillating, in the air.
He heard her shriek—soon heard her gasp—
Then caught the trembler in his grasp.
Quick to the couch his prize he bore,
And chafed her shivering limbs all o'er :—
Strenuous to make the colour seek
Its wonted course upon her cheek,
So well he minister'd his aid,
To comfort and revive the Maid,
That ere the sky-lark plum'd his wing,
The Maid was quite another thing.

Now, on the oaks of Faughanvail,
Dash'd in cold globules by the gale,
The pendent thunder-drops of Night,
Glitter'd, like gems, in orient light.
Now vanish'd from the Chieftain's room,
The winking lamp's propitious gloom,
And on the Fair One, as she lay,
Morn's golden Tell-tale shot his ray.
Ah! when did Sun, declining, leave
No swain forsworn, 'twixt dawn and eve?
When did the day-spring's glimmer find
'Twixt eve and dawn, no Woman's mind
Had veer'd, like Dunfanaghy's wind?
Bent, blushing o'er the Chieftain's neck,
Thus spoke the Lady of the Wreck.

“ Oh! mighty Chief! oh! potent man!
Send me not, now, to Thady Rann!
What though (when from my native Isle
He sail'd, where he had moor'd awhile,)
I rashly pledg'd my maiden truth
To follow soon that Ulster Youth;
Then left my home, his home to seek,
Near the cascades of moist Belleek;
What though he hop'd the last night's tide,
Would waft into his arms a Bride;—
If, now, such silly bonds I burst,
'Twas he was the deceiver first!
'Twas Thady Rann decoy'd, and play'd
Upon the greenness of a maid;
Who, by her ancient parents mew'd,
Scarce any face but his had view'd;
And gaz'd, in ignorant surprise,
On his red locks, and vacant eyes.—

Sudden my change !—but, tell me true,
(For, oh ! I feel 'tis wrought by you !)
Does female judgment, as 'tis call'd
By all the wrinkled, and the bald,
Creep o'er the mind by dull degrees ?
Is judgment slow in growth as trees ?
Or comes it not, like lightning's flame,
Darting direct into our frame ?
Sure 'tis the last ;—and, sure, since night,
My hour's arriv'd to judge aright,
And why, Discernment's heights to climb,
Must Woman mount the steps of Time ?
Age grasps, with her experienc'd lore,
But what young Talent grasps before ;
And no more knows the Matron dunce
Than Penetration shews, at once.—
Oh ! Chief ! since, shipwreck'd on your shore,
I feel myself Myself no more.
Since I am, now, another I,
Here let me ever live—and die."

The Hunter, who, upon the sands
Of Innisfallen's islet stands,
And marks the stag, from steepy wood,
Plunge, panting, in Killarney's flood,
While mountains,—on whose shaggy head,
Clouds, from the vast Atlantic spread,—
Re-echo to the mellow sounds
Of merry horns and opening hounds,—
The Hunter, then, feels less delight
Than now did Blarneygig's gay Knight.
" Darling !" he said, " when Thady Rann
Bother'd you, in the Isle of Man,
You knew not, 'tis exceeding plain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane ;

Knew not what difference must be
 'Twixt that Belleek Spalpeen and me :
 Then let not on your conscience fall
 The smallest qualm, at all, at all.
 For your request,—I know not, I,
 How, while you ever live, you'll die ;
 Unless you make (the heart o'erfull)
 What strangers call an Irish Bull ;
 If so, then live with me you may,
 And, living, die the Irish way."
 The Castle's Mistress, now array'd,
 The Lady of the Wreck was made :
 Soon did the deep cream crutin twang,
 And thus, as loud the chorus rang,
 The vassals, at the banquet, sang.

Hail to our Chief ! now he's wet through with whiskey ;

Long life to the Lady come from the salt seas !

Strike up, blind Harpers ! skip high to be frisky !

For what is so gay as a bag-full of fleas ?

Crest of O'Shaughnashane !—

That's a Potatoe plain,—

Long may your root every Irishman know !

Pats long have stuck to it,

Long bid good luck to it ;

Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—Tooleywhagg, oh !

Our's is an esculent lusty, and lasting,

No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground ;

Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting

Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round.

Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,

Hog's, cow's, or horse's dung,

Still does the crest of O'Shaughnashane grow ;

Shout for it, Ulster men,
Till the bogs quake again !
Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—Tooleywhagg, ho !

Drink, Paddies, drink to the Lady so shining,
While floweret shall open, and bog-trotter dig,
So long may the sweet Rose of Beauty be twining
Around the Potatoo of proud Blarneygig !

While the plant vegetates,
While whiskey recreates,
Wash down the root, from the horns that o'erflow ;
Shake your shillalahs, boys !
Screeching drunk, scream your joys !
Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—Tooleywhagg, ho !

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Anonymous.

THE life of man is but a *game*
However we may change the name ;
What *cutting out*, and *cutting in*,
What fears to lose, what hopes to win ;
Shuffling, and *sorting*, and concealing,
With double *games*, and much *misdealing*.

First, still to higher *games* he soars,
We find him playing at *all fours* ;
Anxious to gain his little stake,
A rattle, sugar-plum, or cake ;
And long before his boyish head
Has done with *put the fool to bed*.

Youth's season soon the table changes,
In higher circles then he ranges ;
With various partners prone to mix,
And try who plays the best *odd tricks* ;
And many a *point*, if right I ken,
Is deeply *scor'd* against him then.

Years of discretion bring him soon
To that bewitching game *vingt-un*,
Where many a precious hour is spent
In rashly trifling with content ;
Doom'd still to find ill fortune such—
A *card* too little or too much.

At thirty years, perhaps, he tries
To gain a matrimonial prize ;
Then 'tis *Cassino* to a tittle—
First comes *great Cass*, and then comes *little*.

At sixty-five, alas ! we see
His match is with infirmity ;
Though great the *odds*, yet down they set,
And his last game we'll call *piquet* ;
Point quint quatorze against him turn,
His run of luck 'tis vain to mourn ;
He yields to what appears allotted,
Piqued and *repiqued*, at length *capotted* ;
His *cards* thrown up—by time *outscor'd*,
Death rushes in, and sweeps the board.

THE DESSERT.

Busk.

Now serve the gay dessert—no desert here,
But see a rich well peopled plain appear.
Lo! in this fine coagulated lymph,
Which draws the eye of each admiring nymph,
Tumultuous myriads rush upon the sight,
A mighty nation, not a mouthful quite ;
Perhaps e'en now—Ah, desolating work !
A conscript band may tremble in your fork :
Your hasty knives, waste tracts and claims divide,
Embattled hosts were struggling to decide ;
Whole levies by your breath dispersed and lost,
Larger than France or Christendom can boast.
Oh ! ye who grind the injur'd nation's faces,
Look close,—consult these terrible grimaces.
Think of these things a little, if you please,
Ye who carve empires, or who cut a cheese.
Your handkerchief!—I pray be not fastidious,
Salubrious this decay, and not insidious.—
Nature sometimes her labour must undo,
To make more room for maggots, and for you;
Without this process, you are well aware
No amateur could touch his dear Gruyere.
The scent you dread, far more attracts his love,
Than sweetest incense of the Idalian grove.
But you forbear ; nor maladroitly strip
A furtive kiss, from Chloe's pouting lip,
Nor spread inelegant, false odours round,
The fragrant mouth, those rosy borders bound.

In this your last, your most important act,
Be in the ordinance,—severe,—exact.—
Call the fine arts, fine artists call in aid,
In tarts who traffic, and in treats who trade ;
Most where St. George his fascinating row
Decks with fine fruit, and many a wither'd beau ;
No verdant canopy, 'tis true for shade is,
Save Persian pokes, and parasols of ladies,
But there the fair, perfunctory and gay,
Urge on swift wheels their thought-eluding day ;
Or lash the lazy load of life along,
On groaning axles, with a smarting thong.—
Her insect tribe, there gaudy Fashion sees,
In giddy eddies gasp the scented breeze ;
The busy gadflies of the sunny hour,
That buz around the honey, then devour.
See sugar there that with the rainbow vies,
To grottoes sink, to spiry temples rise ;
Secure in crystalliz'd Palazzo's stow'd,
Slim biscuit figures make their sweet abode ;
In fresh-baked bricks, St. James's turrets lower,
And in thick battlements of ice, the Tower ;
On Gallic toys the English eye regales,
The Louvre, Bagatelle, Madrid, Versailles,
The Loves and Graces, and their Paphian queen
Shower comfits down, in hail of red and green.
From secret lurking place the urchins strike,
And bid you covet what and whom they like.
Warm with fresh fire tho' torrifed and hard,
Amours of Sappho, Werter, Abelard ;
Of Ovid, of Propertius, and Tibullus,
Candied and clarified the sweet Catullus ;
Group'd with Lestrygones the Laoco on,
Phyllis, her almond tree, and Demaphoon,

A coal-brown Proserpine and black Coronis,
Hoary with frost young Cynus and Adonis.
Here Asia's florid birds, her ape and monkey,
And there Silenus on unsaddled donkey;
Astride Bucephalus, young Ammon enters
With sirens, elephants, and hippocentaurs:
Elizabeth, Rousseau, the Swiss Lavater,
L'Heros de Quatre-bras, and Henri quatre.
Objects like these, astonishing as rare
Shall edify ycur noble guests, and fair.

THE MONK AND THE TRAVELLER.

Fitz-Florian.

FROM all he notes of human deeds,
From all he hears, from all he reads,
At length the cloister'd sage collects,
That idly mark'd, or falsely shewn,
To men on earth are little known
Their worships' own defects.

So shews my tale—the hour was late,
As by an abbey's peaceful gate
A traveller was riding fast;
But there he met, as Arabs tell,
A monk, who offer'd him a cell,
A bed, and slight repast.

The roads were deep, the night was near;
The offer to the stranger's ear
Came with a sweet and welcome sound;
The cell receiv'd him—loaves were brought
And soon for soup the father sought
The kitchen under-ground.

Return'd with soup, the father saw
An empty board—the stranger's maw
Had in a twinkling clear'd the tray;*
The father brings more loaves, anon;
But where's the soup!—the soup is gone,
Completely flown away.

Surprise distorts the father's face,
He runs for more, and lo, apace
The monk and bowl replenish'd come;
But now—the loaves are seen no more,
The stranger, bless him, as before
Has swallow'd every crumb.

With mournful brow and weary toes
Away the panting father goes,
And brings a fresh and good supply.
Why do his ample eye-balls roll?
Why?—well they may, the mighty bowl
Again is nearly dry.

For soup the monk trots forth again,
Leaving the guest to entertain
His grinders with a crowded tray—

* The loaves in Turkey are usually very small.

So soon return'd?—how grand a stare!
O how sublimely droll an air!
The loaves—ah, where are they?

All vanish'd—with increas'd surprise
For more the wondering father hies,
And seeks the soup he fetch'd before,
'Tis gone—his guest is hungry still;
Determined he shall have his fill!
The monk crawls down for more.

With brows that arch, and eyes that roll,
And grunts that speak a weary soul,
With soup returning, crawls the sire.
The loaves—alas! no more remain;
For more the monk must once again
In doleful mood retire.

Eight times for bread with discontent,
Eight times for soup the monk is sent;
When, as no more he hopes for rest,
He sees, and not with secret joy,
That food at last can even cloy
His jewel of a guest.

They part; they sleep! at morn they meet,
Again the jaws their pranks repeat;
And having long displayed their force
To mount his mule their lord desires,
And now the curious monk inquires
The journey's aim, and course.

The guest a plaintive story tells,
 Adding, "a sage at Smyrna dwells,
 Whose skill and drugs may set me right—
 My health declines—I once was fat—
 I now am lean—and—worse than that—
 I've lost my appetite."

"Ah!" says the monk, and stares amain,
 "If ever it should come again—
 Don't take an honest hint amiss—
 Whene'er you seek your own abode,
 Do try to take another road—
 In mercy keep from this!"

SONG.

AIR—" *Roch bonin shin doc.*"

T. Moore.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss,
 And until they can show me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
 As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptured I see,
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But tho' they were even more bright than the green
Of the isle they inhabit in heaven-blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

THE DRAMA.

T. Dibdin.



IN times not very long gone by
You heard a bard with glee,
Whose lyre, howe'er I dare to try,
Will feebly sound from me.
Father and I, it plain appears,
Unequal powers display,
The difference is he wrote for years,
While I write for to-day.

The World's a stage, as Shakspeare told,
We're actors, and no more,
And many a Yorick now lies cold,
Who made the table roar ;
Act well your part, the Poet says,
There all the honour lies ;
And he acts best who best can raise
Fall'n genius ere it dies.

The Drama's Laws, so Taste decrees,
The Drama's patrons give,
And folks, 'tis said, should live to please,
Who only please to live.
Then think of them whose hours must be
Devoted still to you,
And who, while here, your *sans souci*,
Perhaps are *sans sui sous*.

Those ages dark, thank Fate, are past,
When buskins, masks, and socks,
Thro' busy Justices, set fast,
The wearers in the stocks.
But now a luckier Thespian set
This very room presents,
Who, if in any Stocks they get,
'Tis in the Three per Cents.

Yet some there are whom fate denies
To join the luckier ranks,
And many who deserve a prize,
Tho' doom'd to draw but blanks ;
For such we join, like brethren good,
Their hapless lot to mend ;
And those not brethren, be so good
At least to prove a friend.

Some village Hamlet want may bow,
Or turn Othello pale ;
Some mute inglorious Norval now,
May tell an humble tale.
O'er Richard's woes a balm pray shed,
Let gold enrich the tear,
And give Jane Shore a loaf of bread,
And furnish Juliet's bier.

May timely Prudence, Heavenly Maid,
Impart her cautious power,
And let her brethren find a shade
Against a stormy hour.

And every blessing rest with you,
 Whose gifts our power dispel,
 Till Prompter Time shall take the cue
 To ring Life's Curtain Bell.

TEA.

Busk.

—o—

AMBROSIAL plants ! that from the east and west,
 Or from the shores of Araby the blest
 Those odoriferous sprigs and berries send,
 On which our *wives* and *government* depend.
 Kind land ! that gives rich presents, none receives,
 And barter for leaf gold, its golden leaves.
 Bane of our nerves, and nerve of our excise,
 In which a nation's strength and weakness lies.
 And shall these scions grafted on our tongue,
 That oft the Muse inspires, remain unsung ?

Enlivening, mild, and sociable Tea !
 Scandal-compelling Green, Pekoe, Bohea ;
 Without thee once Philosophy could write,
 And wisdom's page the moral pen indite ;
 Without thee Thesmothetes their laws enacted,
 Without thee thought, and taught, and dreamt, and acted ;
 With this celestial gift how strange that we
 Should neither better eat, nor drink, nor think, nor see.

With tea some draw ideas from Penang,
 Still relishing in each, the foreign twang :—

Some search the scorch'd savannas of Sabea,
For sun-burnt draughts from spicy Nabathæa ;
Nor causelessly their bland potations boast ;
Oft deem'd both meat and drink, and boil'd, and roast,
Whose unctuous fumes by sovereign power dispel
All other vapours from the cerebel.
What, if the mists of temulency blind,—
These—these—restore the eye-sight of the mind.
Retune each organ, and re-tone each nerve,
And for fresh feasts awaken and preserve.

Are you a poet born, or simply made
By nature's journeymen to stock the trade,
Still venerate these herbs, their juice revere,
Like it, your verses shall flow strong and clear :
Oft 'tis allow'd have frigid rhymsters felt
These tepid steams, their frozen genius melt.
The brown Castalian stream you sure must savour,
Which like your lines, from Phœbus draws its flavour.

Are you philosopher?—nay then indeed—
To brighten your soul's optics, these you need.
And these the film opaque shall more relax,
Than Hellebore, or than opoponax.
The sourest moralists sometimes we meet,
Sweetening their tempers with a dish more sweet.
Tho' pouring in the cream, they leave behind
The purer milk—the milk of human kind.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

A TALE.

[From "More Broad Grins, or Mirth versus Melancholy,"]

IN ancient times, Historians tell us,
 (Who, by the bye,
 Are very honest fellows,
 And never tell a lie!)

The spirit of intoleration
 Hung like a cloud upon the nation;
 And bigotry became so much in fashion,
 Folks never said their prayers, but in a passion!
 Cramming their creeds down their poor neighbours' throats,
 Beyond the power of denying 'em;
 For, if the rascals wouldn't turn their coats,
 They made no bones of stewing 'em and frying 'em;
 Pretending all the while, (which mighty odd is,)
 The utmost veneration for their souls;
 They play'd the devil with their precious bodies,
 By broiling them, like rashers, on the coals.

Not even were the Ladies spar'd, Lord love 'em,
 However handsome, they'd no power to move 'em;
 If heretics, egad! they set a roasting 'em:

What was the cause of that, I can't divine ;
Couldn't they sit like Christians o'er their wine,
And be content with merely toasting 'em ?

It may seem strange in these enlighten'd days,
To hear of such uncivil ways ;
But in those times so frequently 'twas done,
That people thought no more of the proceeding,
Than you would now, in a shop window reading—
' Joints boil'd and roasted every day at one !'

'Twas Hobson's choice, they'd mix the draught, and think
Like it or not, to pour it down your throttle ;
Then if you cried and kick'd, and wouldn't drink,
Why, then, they broke your head, Sir, with the bottle !

Thank Heaven, such draughts have been drank to the dregs,
And now, with all due rev'rence be it spoken,
So we but eat the inside of our eggs,
It doesn't signify which end is broken !

When Persecution caught a Tartar,
And, falling sadly to disgrace,
Was kick'd completely out of place,
Then prejudice resum'd a kind of regency,
And holds its empire still in some degree ;
But happily restricted by wise rules,
It forms, thank fortune, fifty fools,
Before it makes a single martyr !

Good friends! when prejudice begins to rail,
And you would wish to stop its croaking!
If reason and if rhetoric should fail,
Take my advice, and try a little joking.

One of these upright "think as I do," people,
Who deem'd all other sects left in the lurch;
And look'd, as if in rev'rence to the church,
He'd swallow, in a fit of zeal—the steeples;
Early one morning sought the 'Squire
(With eyes all fury, and with face all fire)
Who scarce had time his neckerchief to tie round,
And get himself a little drest,
In order to receive his hasty guest;
When lo! into the room he march'd,
Not stiff and firm, as though he had been starch'd,
But glowing hot, as if he had been iron'd!

"Oh, profanation! sacrilege!"—(he cried)
"Kind sir, in my behalf exert your power:
O that my father ne'er had died,
Or had never liv'd to see this hour!"

"Why, what's the matter, Goodman Biggs?
Have you lost any of your pigs?
Or had your poultry stolen from the perch?"
"O no, Sir, no—the Church, the holy Church,
Is lost, without your powerful aid's supplied!"—
"Lost! (says the Squire) then we must have it cried:
But, prithee, why this fury and this fright!"—
"Why, sir, a Papist died the other night,
And (horrid thought!) to bury him they bent are,
Close to my father, sir—a staunch Dissenter!"

And do you think his bones can rest beside one,
When, during life, he never could abide one?"

The Squire shrugg'd up his shoulders, but thought best
To parry such a question with a jest; —
"Why, friend, your case is hard in some degree,
But how d'ye think the parson has serv'd me?
Sir, you must know, a child, his joy and pride,
Caught the small-pox, and t'other day it died;
And he has buried it beside my Wife,
Who never had the small-pox in her life!"

THE MAID'S STORY.

Crabbe.

WE had a little maid, some four feet high,
Who was employ'd our household stores to buy;
For she would weary every man in trade,
And tease t' assent whom she could not persuade.

Methinks I see her, with her pigmy light,
Precede her mistress in a moonless night;
From the small lantern throwing through the street
The dimm'd effulgence at her lady's feet;
What time she went to prove her well-known skill
With rival friends at their beloved quadrille.

"And how's your pain?" inquired the gentle maid,
For that was asking if with luck she played;
And this she answer'd as the cards decreed,
"Yes, madam, yes! if people pay the price."

“ O Biddy ! ask not—very bad indeed :”
Or, in more cheerful tone, from spirit light,
“ Why, thank you, Biddy, pretty well to-night.”

The good old lady often thought me vain,
And of my dress would tenderly complain ;
But lik'd my taste in food of every kind,
As from all grossness, like her own, refin'd ;
Yet when she hinted that on herbs and bread
Girls of my age and spirit should be fed,
Whate'er my age had borne, my flesh and blood,
Spirit and strength, the interdict withstood ;
But though I might the frugal soul offend
Of the good matron, now my only friend,
And though her purse suggested rules so strict,
Her love could not the punishment inflict :
She sometimes watch'd the morsel with a frown,
And sighed to see, but let it still go down.

Our butcher's bill, to me a monstrous sum,
Was such, that summon'd, he forbore to come ;
Proud man was he, and when the bill was paid,
He put the money in his bag, and play'd,
Jerking it up, and catching it again,
And poising in his hand in pure disdain ;
While the good lady, awed by man so proud,
And yet dispos'd to have her claims allowed,
Balanced between humility and pride,
Stood a fall'n empress at the butcher's side,
Praising his meat as delicate and nice—

So liv'd the lady, and so murmur'd I,
In all the grief of pride and poverty ;
Twice in the year there came a note to tell
How well mamma, who hoped the child was well ;
It was not then a pleasure to be styled
By a mamma of such experience, Child !
But I suppress'd the feelings of my pride,
Or other feelings set them all aside.

There was a youth from college, just the one
I judg'd mamma would value as a son ;
He was to me good, handsome, learn'd, genteel,
I cannot now what then I thought reveal ;
But in a word, he was the very youth
Who told me what I judg'd the very truth,
That love like his and charms like mine agreed,
For all description they must both exceed :
Yet scarcely can I throw a smile on things
So painful, but that Time his comfort brings,
Or rather throws oblivion on the mind,
For we are more forgetful than resign'd.

We both were young, had heard of love and read,
And could see nothing in the thing to dread,
But like a simple pair our time employ'd
In pleasant views to be in time enjoy'd ;
When Frederick came, the kind old lady smiled
To see the youth so taken with her child ;
A nice young man who came with unsoil'd feet
In her best room, and neither drank nor eat ;
Alas ! he planted in a vacant breast
The hopes and fears that robb'd it of its rest.

All now appeared so right, so fair, so just,
We surely might the lovely prospect trust;
Alas! poor Frederick and his charmer found,
That they were standing on fallacious ground;
All that the father of the youth could do
Was done—and now he must himself pursue
Success in life; and, honest truth to state,
He was not fitted for a candidate;
I, too, had nothing in this world below,
Save what a Scotch physician could bestow,
Who for a pittance took my mother's hand,
And if disposed, what had they to command?

But these were after fears, nor came t' annoy
The tender children in their dreams of joy;
Who talk'd of glebe and garden, tithe and rent,
And how a fancied income should be spent;
What friends, what social parties we should see,
And live with what genteel economy;
In fact, we gave our hearts as children give,
And thought of living as our neighbours live.

Now when assured ourselves that all was well,
'Twas right our friends of these designs to tell;
For this we parted.—Grandmamma, amazed,
Upon her child with fond compassion gazed;
Then pious tears appeared, but not a word
In aid of weeping till she cried, "Good Lord!"
She then, with hurried motion, sought the stairs,
And calling Biddy, bade her come to prayers.

Yet the good lady early in her life
Was call'd to vow the duties of a wife:

She sought the altar by her friends' advice,
No free-will offering, but a sacrifice:
But here a forward girl and eager boy
Dared talk of life, and turn their heads with joy.

To my mamma I wrote in just the way
I felt, and said what dreaming lasses say;
How handsome Frederick was, by all confess'd,
How well he look'd, how very well he drest;
With learning much, that would for both provide,
His mother's darling, and his father's pride;
And then he loves me more than mind can guess,
Than heart conceive, or eloquence express.

No letter came a doubtful mind to ease,
And, what was worse, no Frederick came to please;
To college gone—so thought our little maid—
But not to see me! I was much afraid;
I walk'd the garden round, and deeply sigh'd,
When grandmamma grew faint! and dropt, and died;
A fate so awful and so sudden drove
All else away, and half extinguished love.

Strange people came; they search'd the house around,
And, vulgar wretches! sold whate'er they found;
The secret hoards that in the drawers were kept,
The silver toys that with the tokens slept,
The precious beads, the corals with their bells,
That laid secure, lock'd up in secret cells
The costly silk, the tabby, the brocade,
The very garment for the wedding made,
Were brought to sale, with many a jest thereon!
“Going—a bridal dress—for—Going!—Gone.”

That ring, dear pledge of early love and true,
That to the wedded finger almost grew,
Was sold for six and tenpence to a Jew!

Great was the fancied worth; but ah! how small
The sum thus made, and yet how valued all;
But all that to this shameful service went,
Just paid the bills, the burial, and the rent!
And I and Biddy, poor deserted maids!
Were turned adrift to seek for other aids.

Now left by all the world, as I believed,
I wonder'd much that I so little grieved;
Yet I was frightened at the painful view,
Of shiftless want, and saw not what to do;
In times like this the poor have little dread,
They can but work, and they shall then be fed;
And Biddy cheer'd me with such thoughts as this,
"You'll find the poor have their enjoyments, Miss!"
Indeed I saw, for Biddy took me home,
To a forsaken hovel's cold and gloom,
And while my tears in plenteous flow were shed,
With her own hands she placed her proper bed,
Reserved for need—a fire was quickly made,
And food, the purchase for the day, display'd;
She let in air, to make the damp retire,
Then placed her sad companion at her fire;
She then began her wonted peace to feel,
She bought her wool, and sought her favourite wheel,
Thus as she turn'd, she sang with sober glee,
"Begone, dull Care, I'll have no more with thee;"
That turn'd to me, and bade me weep no more,
But try and taste the pleasures of the poor.

When dinner came, on table brown and bare
Were placed the humblest forms of earthenware,
With one blue dish, on which our food was plac'd,
For appetite provided, not for taste ;
I look'd disgusted, having lately seen
All so minutely delicate and clean ;
Yet, as I sate, I found to my surprise
A vulgar kind of inclination rise,
And near my humble friend I nearer drew,
Tried the strange food, and was partaker too.

I walk'd at eve, but not where I was seen,
And thought, with sorrow, what can Frederick mean ?
I must not write, I said, for I am poor,
And then I wept till I could weep no more.

Kind hearted Biddy tried my griefs to heal,
" This is a nothing to what others feel.
Life has a thousand sorrows worse than this,
A lover lost is not a fortune, Miss !
One goes, another comes, and which is best
There is no telling—set your heart at rest."

Tales of the Hall.

LOW AMBITION; OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
MR. DAW.

G. Colman, the Younger.



THAT lowly men aspire to lowly glory,
Here followeth (*exempli gratiâ*) a Story.

Goddess! whose frolic humour glads the sky,
Who oft, with dimpled cheek, to Momus listen;
Within the lustre of whose lucid eye,
Laughter's gay drops, like dew in sunshine, glisten!

Come, sweet Euphrosyne! luxuriant Mirth!
Leave all the Heathen Deities behind!
Descend and help ('twill be but kind)
One of the poorest Poets upon earth!

O! now descend! while I devote my page,
To one who flourish'd on a London stage.

She comes!—I sing the Man ycleped Daw,
Whose mother dress'd the Tragic Queens;
She in the Candle-snuffer rais'd a flame,
Then quench'd it like a liberal dame;
And the first light my hero ever saw
Was that his father snuff'd behind the scenes.

Born to the Boards, as Actors say, this Wight
Was oft let out at half-a-crown per night,
By *tender* parents, after he was wean'd;

At three years old, squab, chubby-cheek'd, and stupid,
Sometimes he was a little extra Fiend,
Sometimes a supernumerary Cupid.

When Master Daw full fourteen years had told,
He grew, as it is term'd, *hobbedyhoy-ish* :
For Cupidons, and Fairies, much too old,
For Calibans, and Devils, much too boyish.

This state, grave fathers say, behind the scenes;
Often embarrasses their ways and means :
And Master Daw was out of size,
For raising the supplies ;—
He was a perfect lout—a log ;—
You never clapp'd your eyes
Upon an uglier dog !

His voice had broken to a gruffish squeak ;
He had grown blear-eyed, baker-knee'd and gummy ;
And, though he hadn't been too hoarse to speak,
He was too ugly, even for a dummy.

But hood-wink'd Fortune, Goddess of misprision,
Soon gave her Bandeau's knot a tighter twist ;
Or else, that she might have no chance of vision,
She, certainly, employed an Oculist :

Had she but seen no better than the fowl
The chaste Minerva loves—yclept an Owl,—
Or had of seeing the least notion,
She never, never could have found
In Master Daw, that chubby, stupid hound,
A subject for theatrical promotion.

But lo! 'twas at a Ballet's night-rehearsal,—
Perform'd, at last, as play-bills often shew,
Whether the Ballet have been hiss'd or no,
To over-flows and plaudits universal ;—

The Prompter's Boy, a pickled, thoughtless knave,
Playing a game at marbles, in the sea,
Happen'd to break his leg upon a wave,
And Master Daw was made his deputy.

The office of a Prompter's boy, perchance,
May not be generally known.
I'll sketch it;—would I could enhance
The outline with some touches of my own.

The Prompter's boy, Messieurs! must stand
Near the stage-door, close at the Prompter's hand:
Holding a nomenclature that's numerical,
Which tallies with the Book *prompterical* :

And as the Prompter calls, "One, Two, Three, Four,"
Mark'd accurately in the Prompt-book page,
These numbers mean the boy must leave the door,
To call the folks referr'd to, for the stage,

In this capacity, as record saith,
Young Master Daw
Both heard and saw
As much (if not as *two*) as any *one* can,
He saw the actor murdering Macbeth,
Whom he had only call'd to murder Duncan.

He saw Ann Boleyn, in the green-room grant
A kiss to Wolsey, dangling at her crupper !
Heard an Archbishop damn a figurante,
And Shylock order sausages for supper.

During his time (or Master Daw's a liar)
Three Virgins of the Sun grew wondrous round ;
Pluto most narrowly escap'd from fire,
And Neptune in a water-tub was drown'd.

During his time, from the Proscenium ta'en,
Thalia and Melpomene both vanish'd ;
The Lion and the Unicorn remain,—
Seeming to hint to a capricious age,
“Suffer the Quadrupeds to keep the stage,
The Muses to be banish'd.”

During his time—psha ! let me turn Time's glass,
Reader, old Time (depend on't) will kill thee ;
But should I grow prolix, alas !
Thou never would'st kill Time by reading me.

Yet here will I apostrophize thee, Time !
If not in reason, why in Crambo Rhyme.

A LAY OF FAIRY LAND.

J. Wilson.

—o—

It is upon the Sabbath day, at rising of the sun,
That to Glenmore's black forest side a Shepherdess hath
gone,
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her Widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so
sweet,
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft
parting feet;
And thought, " whilst thou art praising God amidst the hills
so calm,
Far off, this broken voice, my child ! will join the morning
psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she
laid,
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland
Maid ;
In heaven the stars are all bedimm'd, but in its dewy mirth
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

—In the deep mountain hollow the dreamy day is done,
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun ;
The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the
green,
Yet the shadow of her Shepherdess is no where to be seen.

Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear—
“ Oh ! why so late ! ” a footstep—and she knows her child
 is near ;
So out into the evening the gladdened mother goes,
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty
 glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round
 Mhairi's hair ;
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet
 eyes,
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery
 dyes.

The flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,
These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of
 snow,
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign
 land.

“ The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar stone,
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone ?
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly
 see ?
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree.”

“ Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will
 tell”—
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet
 fell ;

It seem'd as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beam'd of
yore.

“The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine
fell

On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell;
Some lay down on the warmth, and some began to feed,
And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

“And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his blessed side,
An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er and o'er,
In Abernethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore,

“Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that wavered o'er my head,
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead.

“I look'd up from my Bible—and lo! before me stood,
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
Silent she was, and motionless, but when her eyes met
mine,

I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

“She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter's
hair,

And up that white arm flow'd my heart into her bosom
fair;

And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy-Land and was the Fairy-
Queen.”

Then started Mhairi's mother at that wild word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless
year;
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
But many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought
her home.

Some thought that Phaum, the savage Shape that on the
mountain dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-bells,
And others said the River red had caught her in her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen Sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother only knows,
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds repose;
By day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en her
child,
At night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the
wild.

And then her Country's legends lend all their lovely faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death,—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play
With those fair Elves that wafted her from her own world
away.

“ Look not so mournful, mother ! 'tis not a Tale of woe—
The Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss upon my
brow,
And faster than my own two doves e'er stoop'd unto my
hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we dropt on Fairy-
Land.

“ Along a river-side that ran winding thro’ a wood,
We walked, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving solitude ;
And there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
Sat crested birds whose plumage seem’d to burn with harmless
fire.

“ No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute—
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding
foot,
Till we came to a Waterfall, and ’mid the Rainbows there,
The Mermaids and the Fairies played in Water and in Air.

“ And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did
breathe
From all the Woods and Waters, and from the Caves
beneath ;
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely Queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne’er had been,—

“ And hovering in the Rainbow, and floating on the Wave,
Each little head so beautiful some shew of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten’d in
the dew,
Seemed as the Sun ten thousand rays against the Water
threw.

“ Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o’ertook us now and then, on some small
breath of wind ;
Our guide into that brightning bliss was aye that brightning
stream,
Till lo ! a Palace silently unfolded like a dream.

"Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,
That my dead sister us'd to sing at evening on the Hill,
When I was but a little child too young to watch the sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

"Tales of the silent people, and their green silent land!
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of
them all.

"Round her in happy heavings flowed that bright glistening
crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not
loud,
And o'er their plumed and flowery heads there sang a whis-
pering breeze,
When—as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their
knees.

"Then," said the Queen, "seven years to-day since mine
own infant's birth—
And we must send her nourice this evening back to earth;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home
than this—
So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

"Luhana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's brow,
That she on earth may shew the flowers that in our gardens
grow."
And from the heavenly odours breathed o'er my head I
knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

“ Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laughter
sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white-twinkling
feet,
While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either
side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sun-beam glide.

“ But who came then into the Hall? One long since mourn’d
as dead!
Oh! never had the mould been strewn o’er such a star-like
head!
On me alone she pour’d her voice, on me alone her eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloudless
skies.

“ Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgotten face!
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

“ When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful
tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for
years,
You well may think another shower straight-way began to
fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly
Hall!

“ I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal nourice left that Fairy in despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,
And soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled

“ While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,
And I and my sister stood by the Great Burial-stone,
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent
sky.”

The Child hath long been speaking to one who may not
hear,
For a deadly Joy came suddenly upon a deadly Fear,
And though the Mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi's
breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul had gone
to rest.

She sits beneath the Elder-shade in that long mortal swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the gentle
Moon ;
And when her senses are restored, whom sees she at her
side,
But her believed in childhood to have wandered off and
died !

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water from the spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an angel's
wing,
And to her Mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on her hoary
head.

She stirs not in her Child's embrace, but yields her old grey
hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of
prayers—

No voice hath she to bless her child, till that strong fit
go by,

But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon the sky.

The Sabbath-morn was beautiful—and the long Sabbath-
day—

The evening-star rose beautiful when day-light died away;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed over with
delight,

But the fullness of all mortal Joy hath blessed the Sabbath-
night.

THE MODERN ARCADIA.

(*Burlington Arcade.*)

Carey.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Cupid! o'er this gay arcade;
I, a slave in thy dominions,
Come to see how passes trade.

Mild Arcadians! ever looking,
Anxious from your little shops;
Sigh not though by *hook* or *crook*, in
Seldom wish'd for custom drops.

Here the sun's meridian lustre
Will not spoil your precious wares;
Here perennial flow'rs may cluster—
All the tints that fashion bears.

Here the sportive Loves and Graces,
When proud Bond-street's glories fade,
Shall display their beauteous faces
In the bright and gay arcade.

Not a Cyprian goddess strolling
From the Park to Cranbourn fair,
But with eye in pleasure rolling,
Shall applaud the builder's care.

Long, too long, has Cupid wander'd
Idly, like a shepherd clown.
Where the purling stream meander'd
Far from fashion—far from town.

Time it is he now should think of
Industry's imperious call,
What he now should eat and drink of,
Or if he shall live at all.

Heed not jealous rivals seeking
To obstruct your gay alcove ;
Pleasure, Envy's fetters breaking,
Still shall haunt your shelter'd grove.

Busy nymphs, and ever blooming,
Let not Bacchus here intrude,
He with witching scents perfuming,
Might Arcadia's sons delude.

If in scorn of law and duty
He should e'er invade your vale,
Him may each Arcadian beauty
Pierce with unrelenting na'il.

Should the cruel man of taxes
Here assail for window lights,
Turn your gates upon their axis,
Here you boast superior rights.

Tell the Exchequer's prowling minions,
Peeping through your close arcade,
These are privileg'd dominions.
For the loves and gas light made.

WOMAN, AND THE MOON.

Anonymous.

I've oft been sorely puzzled and perplex'd,
When thinking of the Sun, and Moon, and so on,
To know what principle, when they were sex'd,
Those who first fix'd their gender chose to go on;—
I will not say that I've been ever vex'd,
When this same thing I've chanc'd a thought to throw on,
But it has given my reasoning power some pother,
Why we should He the one, and She the other!

The Moon—and Woman; there may be I own
Points of resemblance, more than one or two:
Twenty, for aught I know, might soon be shown;
I'd state them—if I'd nothing else to do.
But as I have, I'll leave the theme alone,—
And yet, on second thoughts I'll give a few,
Lest carping critics, who are apt to chatter,
Should say I never thought about the matter.

Imprimis—then ; they both shine most at night,
The one on earth, the other in the sky ;—
I may say both reflect a borrowed light,
But this, perhaps, the Ladies would deny,
And they, I own, have an undoubted right
To know what charms they borrow, or they buy ;—
Besides, whenever any thing is bought,
And paid for—'tis the owner's, as it ought.

But, passing this discussion as a theme
Too delicate to dwell on—I must say
That whether both dispense a borrow'd gleam,
Or not, there's much resemblance in the ray
Which shines from each ; though beautiful the beam,
It is not steady, like the light of day,
But an uncertain, fascinating splendour ;—
A little coolish too, when Man grows tender.

Another point of likeness, to my view,
Being, I think, an accurate beholder,
Is this :—when Ladies and when Moons are new,
They're both a little coy ; but when got older,
They don't salute you, and then bid adieu,
Both in a breath ; but, grown a little bolder,
Are more disposed to give you time to admire,
And are in no great hurry to retire.

Let's try again.—The Moon, it has been said,
Has a strange influence on folks half-crack'd ;
And I have either heard, or somewhere read,
Of “ Lunatic and Lover all compact,”
Which seems as if 'twere thought by some ill-bred,
(Though sure such wretches should be straightway rack'd)

That 'tis not 'till Man's reasoning powers are gone,
 Woman can claim his noddle as her own.

But this point of resemblance, though it might
 Strike some as very striking, I just mention;—
 I should be sorry to be unpolite,
 And still more sorry to excite dissention.
 Among you love-sick swains, who, out of spite,—
 Would swear I had some sinister intention,
 Their heads I leave to those who choose to win 'em,
 'Tis no affair of mine what brains are in 'em.

Well—to proceed ;—I find I must make haste,
 And not on every point of semblance pore,
 Or I shall both my time and paper waste,
 And try my reader's patience, which is more.
 For, when a joke is not quite to our taste,
 It's apt to make one feel a little sore ;—
 Besides, it might be thought it was my aim
 To prove the Moon and Woman are the same !

I therefore shall with brevity pass over
 Various resemblances between the twain ;
 How both, when skies are clear, smile on a lover,
 And leave him in the lurch in clouds and rain ;
 As well as many a theme I might discover
 In either's rise, or set, or wax, or wane ;
 But as I might be prolix, I forbear ;—
 Besides—I must their *difference* now compare.

The Moon and Woman differ then—in this :
 The first is true to Nature, and its laws ;

It never leaves its sphere,—nor does amiss,—
It apes no artful wiles—asks no applause,—
In all its changes—still unchang'd it is
In loveliness and beauty, from this cause,—
Since first created it has cheated no Man;—
I fear we cannot say all this for Woman.

Again—the Moon sheds her impartial beam
On rich, and poor, with just the same delight:—
Youth, beauty, ugliness, and age all seem
The same to her—to each her smiles are bright ;
She sometimes may withdraw her gentle gleam,
But not capriciously, still less in spite.—
I doubt much if these qualities are common
With her to whom we give the name of Woman.

I might, if I had time and inclination,
And were not fearful of exciting riot,
Give other instances of variation,
Which some would smile, and more, perhaps, would
sigh at :
I give but one defying disputation—
Women are—talkative! the Moon is—quiet!
Were there no other cause, I must opine
This proves the moon *not feminine* !

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

Bloomfield.

THE Lawns were dry in Euston Park ;
 (Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient Dame,
 And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But followed faster still ;
And echoed to the darksome copse
 That whisper'd on the hill ;

Where clam'rous Rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
 Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
 And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
 That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear.
 And gave the Stranger way.

Darker it grew—and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopt !.....nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain !
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame,
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do :
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,—
It followed down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped : and Hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view :
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack ;
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before :—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpris'd ;
Out came her daughter dear ;
Good-natured souls ! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green :
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *Ass's Foal* had lost its dam,
Within the spacious park ;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he—no imp of sin,—
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the Cottage floor ;
The Matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the Ghost became ;
And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
And some conviction too—
Each thought some other Goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

THE WATER MELON.

Wordsworth.

'Twas noon, and the reapers reposed on the bank,
Where our rural repast had been spread,
Beside us meander'd the rill where we drank,
And the green willow wav'd o'er our head ;
Lucinda, the Queen of our rustical treat,
With smiles, like the season, auspicious,
Had render'd the scene and the banquet more sweet—
But, oh ! the desert was delicious.

A Melon, the sweetest that loaded the vine,
The kind-hearted damsel had brought ;
Its crimson core teem'd with the richest of wine,
“ How much like her kisses ! ”—I thought.
And I said, as its nectarous juices I quaff'd,
“ How vain are the joys of the vicious !
No tropical fruit ever furnish'd a draught
So innocent, pure, and delicious.”

In the seeds which embellished this red juicy core,
An emblem of life we may view ;
For human enjoyments are thus sprinkled o'er
With specks of an ebony hue ;
But if we are wise to discard from the mind,
Every thought and affection that's vicious,
Like the seed-speckled core of the melon, we'll find,
Each innocent pleasure delicious.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BALL ROOM.

THE beaux are jogging on the pictured floor,
The belles responsive trip with lightsome heels !
While I, deserted, the cold pangs deplore,
Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.

When first I entered gay, with glad mamma,
The girls were rang'd and cluster'd round us then ;
Few beaux were there, those few with scorn I saw,
Unknowing Dandies that could come at ten.

My buoyant heart beat high with promised pleasure,
My dancing garland mov'd with airy grace ;
Quick beat my active toe to Gow's gay measure,
And undissembled triumph wreath'd my face.

Fancy prospective took a proud survey
Of all the coming glories of the night ;
Even where I stood my legs began to play—
So racers paw the turf e'er jockies smite.

And " who shall be my partner first ? " I said,
As my thoughts glided o'er the coming beaux ;
" Not Tom, nor Ned, nor Jack, "—I toss'd my head,
Nice grew my taste, and high my scorn arose.

" If Dicky asks me, I shall spit and sprain : "
When Sam approaches, head-achs I will mention :
I'll freeze the Colonel's heart with cold disdain : "
Thus cruelly ran on my glib invention.

While yet my fancy revell'd in her dreams,
The sets are forming, and the fiddles scraping ;
Gow's wakening chord a stirring prelude screams,
The beaux are quizzing, and the misses gaping.

Beau after beau approaches, bows, and smiles,
Quick to the dangler's arm spring the ma'mselles ;
Pair after pair augments the sparkling files,
And full upon the ear "THE TRIUMPH" swells.

I flirt my fan in time with the mad fiddle,
My eye pursues the dancer's motions flying ;
Cross hands ! Balancez ! down and up the middle !
To join the revel how my heart is dying.

One miss sits down all glowing from the dance,
Another rises, and another yet ;
Beaux upon belles, and belles on beaux advance,
The tune unending, ever full the set.

At last a pause there comes—to Gow's keen hand
The hurrying lacquey hands the enlivening port ;
The misses sip the ices where they stand,
And gather vigour to renew the sport.

I round the room dispense a wistful glance,
Which Ned, or Dick, or Tom, would crave the honour :
I hear Sam whisper to Miss B., "Do—Dance."
And launch a withering scowl of envy on her.

Sir Billy capers up to Lady Di ;
In vain I cough as gay Sir Billy passes ;
The Major asks my sister—faint I sigh,
"Well after this—the men are grown such asses !"

In vain! in vain! again the dancers mingle,
With lazy eye I watch the busy scene,
Far on the pillowed sofa sad and single,
Languid the attitude—but sharp the spleen.

“La! ma’am, how hot!”—“Your quite fatigued, I see;
“What a long dance;”—“and so you’re come to town!”
Such casual whispers are address’d to me,
But not one hint to lead the next set down.

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, are gone,
And now the seventh—and yet I’m ask’d not once!
When supper comes must I descend alone?
Does fate deny me my last prayer—a dunce?

Mamma supports me to the room for munching,
There turkey’s breast she crams, and wing of pullet;
I slobbering jelly and hard nuts am crunching,
And pouring tons of trifle down my gullet.

No beau invites me to a glass of sherry;
Above me stops the salver of champagne;
While all the rest are tossing brimmers merry,
I with cold water comfort my disdain.

Ye bucks of Edinburgh! ye tasteless creatures!
Ye vapid Dandies! how I scorn you all!—
Green slender slips, with pale cheese-paring features,
And awkward, lumb’ring, red-face boobies tall.

Strange compounds of the beau and the attorney!
Raw lairds! and school-boys for a whisker shaving!
May injur’d beauty’s glance of fury burn ye!
I hate you—clowns and fools!—but ah!—I’m raving!

INSCRIPTION FOR A SNUFF-BOX.



O LIST!—in me see *Hamlet's Ghost!*
Similitude O rare!
How comes it? a'n't I at my post
To—" *snuff the morning air!*"

Of friends I boast a perfect glut,
Who never turn my foes;
And yet they seldom greet me, but—
I take them by the nose!

Like tiger youthful jeering flies
At me where'er I stand;
What then? 'tis plain the good and wise
Oft—*take me by the hand!*

There can't a Congress settled be,
Sans me and Mister Burke;
And yet whene'er they deal with me,
There's—*dirty handed work!*

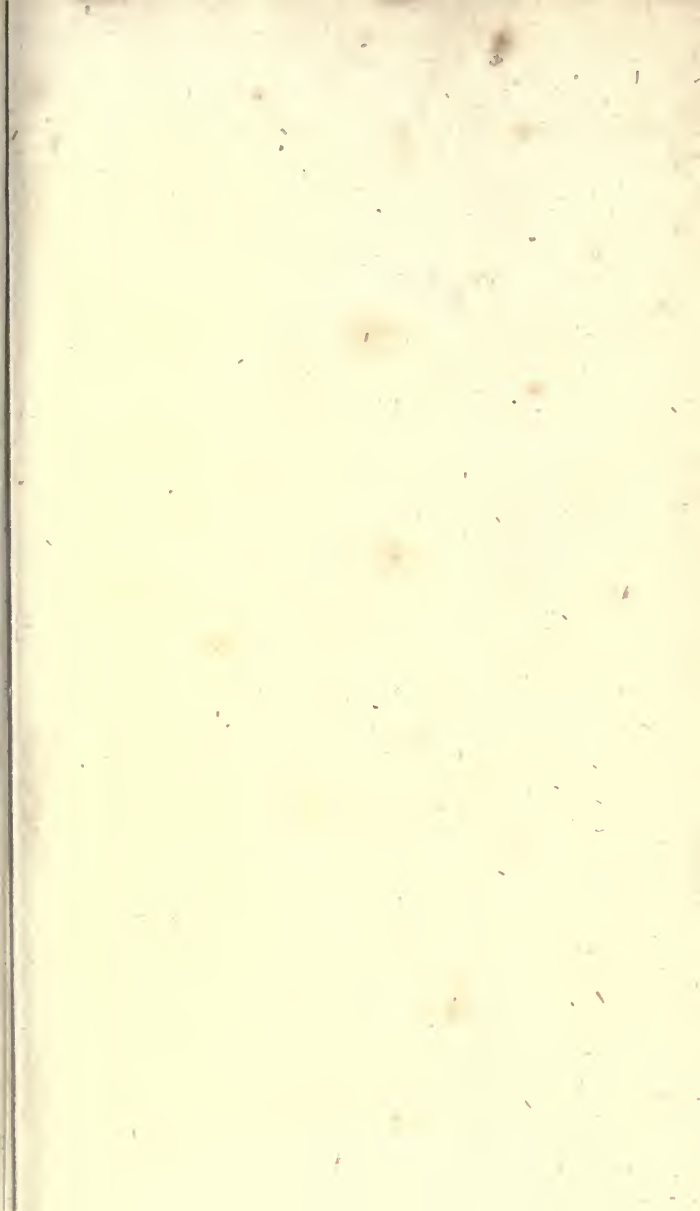
Although my coat is rich and soft,
And golden every inch,
Alas! how very, very oft
I'm driven to a pinch!

I ne'er presume to speak to one Gent
Quizzingly; but, rot 'em,
There's many find me quite a pungent
Fellow at the bottom.

In me a moral lesson's hid—
Think whereunto you must,
You raise—what?—say a *coffin-lid*;
You join—what?—“*dust to dust!*”

Therefore far duller dust prepare,
Pass, mortal, well your days;
Nor think your bad acts hidden are,
For I—*nose* all your ways!

THE END.







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